

China and Japan

Home Life and Customs

TRA WICK



Class DS507

Book

Copyright N^o . 778

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Emma Rudrick Trawick

CHINA AND JAPAN

By

MRS. EMMA P. K. TRAWICK,

SOOCHOW, CHINA

I L L U S T R A T E D



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

1902

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
THE CHURCH REFORMED
DEC. 11 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Dec. 11-1902
CLASS a XXe No.
48028
COPY B.

Copyright, 1902,
W. C. Kendrick, Louisville, Kentucky.

W. C. KENDRICK

LOUISVILLE, KY.

II S 507
T 78

TO

My Only Living Sister,

THE SEPARATION FROM WHOM HAS BEEN ONE OF
THE SOREST TRIALS OF MY LIFE,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION

Lest, perchance, this little volume come into the hands of some who are not familiar with the circumstances that called it forth, it may not be out of place here to give its *raison d'être*, and to explain, at least in part, the apparently disconnected form in which the book appears.

On November 6, 1900, Miss Emma Penton Kendrick, of Louisville, Kentucky, was married to Doctor John D. Trawick, of Nashville, Tennessee. They left immediately for San Francisco, from which place they sailed for their new home in China. Doctor Trawick is an associate surgeon in the Methodist Hospital at Soochow. Her letters from this far-off Eastern land were so very interesting that many friends requested that they be given to the public, and some of them were accordingly published in a leading newspaper of Louisville, her native city. Many complimentary things were said of them, and many requests were made that they be put in a more permanent form. Some few of these are printed as an appendix to this book. It is in response to these requests that this little volume appears.

These letters were not designed for publication, and when the writer was asked to edit them for this purpose

she objected, saying that they were too crude and hurriedly written to be so honored, and asked that the "book idea" be dropped. Only when it was represented to her that the letters might open the eyes and hearts of those who read them to a better understanding of the needs of these strange people would she give her consent.

It is with this idea solely that you are asked to give this little volume your indulgent attention, and it is hoped that whether they remain a long or short time in the work in which they are now engaged the impress of the life and character of this young couple may not fail, and that the skill of the consecrated surgeon may be honored of Him in whose name they went.

W. C. K.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY,
December, 1902.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
A Day in Honolulu,	I
CHAPTER II	
Shanghai—Some First Impressions,	4
CHAPTER III	
Soochow—Some Scenes on the Way and in Our Home,	7
CHAPTER IV	
A Walk Through the Streets of Soochow, and a Visit to the Foreign Concession,	12
CHAPTER V	
A Chinese Feast of Twenty-three Courses,	16
CHAPTER VI	
A Visit to the Quaint Shops of China,	19
CHAPTER VII	
Some Interesting Scenes in Soochow—Farmers, Water Wheel, etc.,	23
CHAPTER VIII	
A Glimpse into a Buddhist Temple—The Idols and the Priests,	26
CHAPTER IX	
A Slow-Boat Trip from Soochow to Sung Kong,	29

	PAGE
CHAPTER X	
A Visit to a Native Flower Garden and a "Leaning Pagoda" near Soochow,	34
CHAPTER XI	
Some Interesting Sights Along the Canals,	37
CHAPTER XII	
Rice Planting,	40
CHAPTER XIII	
Some Incidents of the Hospital Work,	43
CHAPTER XIV	
A Letter from a Penitent Pupil,	48
CHAPTER XV	
Off for Japan,	52
CHAPTER XVI	
Traveling by Rail in Japan,	57
CHAPTER XVII	
A Night in a Japanese Hotel,	60
CHAPTER XVIII	
High Up in the Mountains of Japan,	63
CHAPTER XIX	
A Trip to Komoro,	67
CHAPTER XX	
The Ascent of Asama-Yama,	70

C O N T E N T S

ix

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXI	
Delights at Karuizawa other than Mountain Climbing,	75
CHAPTER XXII	
Doctor Trawick's Mist-Soldiers,	77
CHAPTER XXIII	
Leaving Karuizawa and a Stop in a Japanese Hotel in Kyoto,	79
CHAPTER XXIV	
Visits to Temples in Kyoto,	85
CHAPTER XXV	
A Visit to the "Red Cross Hospital" at Tokio,	90
CHAPTER XXVI	
A Few Queer Signs Caught on the Run,	93
CHAPTER XXVII	
At Nagasaki on the Return to China,	96
CHAPTER XXVIII	
Some Chinese Callers and Their Peculiarities,	99
CHAPTER XXIX	
Some Articles on the Bill of Fare of the Chinese,	102
CHAPTER XXX	
A Real Chinese Feast in the Home of a Friend,	105
CHAPTER XXXI	
A Dinner Given to the American Consul, His Excel- lency the Governor of the Province, and other Officials,	108

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXXII	
A Tragedy in the Hospital—Experiences with an Epidemic,	111
CHAPTER XXXIII	
A Reception to the Ladies of Soochow, and Some Interesting Incidents,	114
CHAPTER XXXIV	
An Exciting Experience on Bimonthly Trip to Sung Kong,	119
CHAPTER XXXV	
Milk from Water Buffalo—Making Butter—Drilling of Soldiers,	126
CHAPTER XXXVI	
Feast at Home of Chinese Friend—On Whang-poo River—Bride and Groom,	130
CHAPTER XXXVII	
Chinese New Year—Trip to the "Hills,"	135
CHAPTER XXXVIII	
Queer Mode and Experiences in Traveling—House-boat—Wheelbarrow—Carriage,	140
CHAPTER XXXIX	
Funeral Procession—Wedding Procession—Punishment for Petty Crimes,	144
CHAPTER XL	
Chinese Superstitions,	147

ILLUSTRATIONS

OPPOSITE PAGE

Emma Kendrick Trawick,	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
Typical Scene in Japanese Village,	2 ✓
Coaling at Nagasaki—Nagasaki Harbor,	8 ✓
On Soochow Creek, China,	28 ✓
Tea House and Lotus Pond,	34 ✓
John D. Trawick,	44 ✓
Smoke of Asama-Yama as Seen from Top of the Volcano—Mrs. Trawick on Brow of Mountain, Komoro, Japan,	70 ✓
The Home of a Wealthy Chinaman,	98 ✓
A Group of Friends,	108 ✓
Soochow Creek, near the City of Soochow, China,	132 ✓
Medical Houseboat and City Wall of Soochow,	144 ✓

CHINA AND JAPAN

CHINA AND JAPAN

CHAPTER I

A DAY IN HONOLULU

This glorious morning, with the sun shining in all of its splendor on a sea of glass, I am up on deck for the first time for several days. This is the finest day we have seen since leaving San Francisco. Our day in Honolulu was perfect. We landed there on Monday evening, November 26, at nine o'clock. Next morning, after a delightful breakfast on shipboard, we started out to see the island. First we went to the hotel, which is a pretty white building with great verandas, and tropical plants growing in such profusion that it looked like mid summer. We hired a rubber-tired buggy for the day, and oh! how we did enjoy that drive, first around the little city, then out through the valley across the island, with the mountains towering high on each side of us, and the clouds ranging around their summits. At the end of this drive is a precipice called the Pali, which has a thrilling history. In the wars between the natives of different islands of the Hawaiian group, a conquering tribe drove the natives of this island up the long valley through which we had just come. The natives were so surrounded that escape was impossible. It is said that many hundreds threw themselves over the precipice, falling a thousand feet to destruction. A well built road now finds its way down this rocky mountain wall to the

plain below. As we stood on a prominent point overhanging the precipice we could look away over the valley stretching out to the sea, and further to the sunset, there to catch the misty blue outlines of a mountain on an island said to be a hundred miles away.

We got back to the hotel at twelve o'clock, when we had lunch, or "tiffin," as they call it. We saw many of our traveling companions at the hotel and on the streets of Honolulu, and it really was funny how we greeted each other with delight, when we probably had not spoken to each other on shipboard. In the afternoon we drove to Weikiki Beach, the now famous resort for surf bathing.

I wish I could tell you of the banana farms—the cocoanut palms—of whole hedges of hibiscus, the most brilliant red and delicate pink. By the time we reached the hotel my lap was full of the most beautiful flowers, which we had gathered along the way. It is a week now since we left Honolulu, and those flowers are fresh and beautiful yet. Late that afternoon we drove up "Punch Bowl," which overlooks the city. There we were, hundreds of feet above the city, yet so near we could hear the crying of children and the barking of dogs.

The late afternoon was spent seeing the city of Honolulu, visiting the stores, where I purchased a real Hawaiian straw hat. As night came on we went aboard our steamer, and by nine o'clock were slowly gliding out to sea, on our way to Yokohama and the East.

.



TYPICAL SCENE IN JAPANESE VILLAGE.

It is needless for me to try to describe the queer sights, for letters which I received from here before coming did that beautifully. It really is impossible to comprehend what it is all like until you see it yourself.

You should see how the children carry the babies on their backs. The women are small, and they have their hair fixed up in the strangest way on the top of their heads, with so many pretty, queer little ornaments. They wear kimonas; when it gets cold they put on several. We counted the sleeves of five on one woman to-day. When they get into the train they take off their shoes and stand up on the seat, then sit down on their feet.

We went through one of their big bazaars or stores in Tokio, where they have everything to sell. We bought several rolls of Japanese paper and envelopes.

Our day ashore was completed by a lunch in a Japanese restaurant in Tokio. Trains run every few minutes from Yokohama to the capital, so it was a novel experience for us in every way—the ride on a real railway in Japan, a tramp through the busy streets of Tokio, a visit to a Japanese bazaar, and finally the lunch in the little restaurant, served by smiling Japanese girl-waitresses, with just enough of a mixture of Orientalism with the “alphabet” soup and the tender beefsteak to give to the whole an unusual spice.

We next touch at Kobé, then Nagasaki; from this latter point I will mail my account of our day ashore at Nagasaki.

CHAPTER II

SHANGHAI — SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Here we are actually in Shanghai, China! Our last to you was mailed at Nagasaki, Japan. We left there at five o'clock in the afternoon, after having taken on 1,070 bushels of coal since nine in the morning. You know Nagasaki is a great coaling station. These little Japs form themselves into a human ladder, the one at the bottom loading the basket with coal and passing it on up, from one Jap to another, till it finally reaches the ship's hold. It is a sight to be seen nowhere else except at Nagasaki. The China Sea, which we cross between Japan and Shanghai, is usually very rough—that is, the swell is a queer one, that gives the ship a very unpleasant motion. Very few ladies ventured down to seven o'clock dinner, but I was a pretty good sailor and managed to eat my dinner and go on deck afterward. The motion of the ship on this sea is "corkscrew-like," which makes one feel very queer. People who are not seasick even on a very rough, high sea can't stand the motion of this China Sea.

When we awoke on Monday morning we were anchored off Shanghai, or rather at the mouth of the Whangpoo River. Then we took a tug and went fourteen miles up this river to Shanghai. We did not reach the jetty until noon. There was quite a party of friends to meet us at the landing and give us a cordial welcome.

The day was clear and cold and beautiful, so my first impressions of Shanghai were very favorable. Shanghai is a peculiar city, very cosmopolitan. Walking along some streets they seem to be purely Chinese; then you turn right off one of these into a street that looks—well, not exactly American, still nothing like Chinese. Some streets are quite broad, while others are very narrow. One will see a handsome victoria with two ladies seated in it, dressed in the latest English style, wrapped in handsome furs, with two Chinamen on the box in front, a coachman and a footman, dressed in livery, which means their native garment. This livery is made of green broadcloth with gilt braid about the edges, a Chinese cap on the head, and their queue hanging down the back. The queue and the costume are startling contrasts.

This morning I went to market. It was lots of fun. The market is a tremendous big shed, like the big markets you see in the South, and it seemed to me there were millions of Chinese swarming about. I never saw anything to equal the cheapness of some of the food here. We bought sixteen grape fruit, three dozen oranges, and a big bunch of bananas for \$1.30 in gold. Fruit is used a great deal at "tiffin," or lunch.

.
I must tell you about our first Christmas in far-away China. In the afternoon we went about two miles over into another part of the city, to the Central Methodist Church, to their Christmas celebration. The church is a nice, large brick building, with a seating capacity of five

hundred, the parsonage adjoining. We got there a little late, and were told by the Chinaman at the door that we could not get in the front door, as the room was crowded, but he showed us a side door, which admitted us. I got a seat right behind Mrs. Bishop Wilson. Doctor Trawick had to stand. It was a very impressive as well as novel sight to me to see that room crowded to its uttermost with Chinese, a few missionaries scattered through the congregation. It was just such a looking room and entertainment as the Sunday-schools at home have been having for years. Bright-faced, happy children, older boys and girls, merry and interested smaller girls, four and five years old, standing up and reciting their little pieces in such low tones one could scarcely hear their voices; boys a little older reciting in a sing-song tone and rocking their bodies from side to side for all the world like our American boys do, the only difference being that these speeches were in Chinese, except one or two in English. It was delightful to hear those five hundred Chinese children sing "All hail the power of Jesus' Name" with all the enthusiasm we sing it at home—the same inspiring old tune, only the words I could not understand, as they were in Chinese. The most remarkable thing I heard during the afternoon was a chorus of about twenty-five or thirty girls, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah," and they did it well. After the program was completed Santa Claus came in, the Christmas tree was lighted up, and each child received a present.

CHAPTER III

SOOCHOW—SOME SCENES ON THE WAY AND IN OUR HOME

You see we are at last in our home in Soochow. After a busy morning, we left Shanghai at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Since I left you two months ago I have traveled in many different kinds of conveyances—first the Pullman palace car, then steamship. In Yokohama I had my first jinrickshaw ride; from Yokohama to Tokio in a Japanese railway train; in China I rode in a Chinese railway train. I have been on many tugs and launches, and now we have come from Shanghai to Soochow in a houseboat. Every day three launches leave Shanghai for Soochow, and they tow the houseboats up Soochow Creek. There were two Chinese houseboats in front of us; then came our houseboat, then behind us another Chinese boat, all towed by the launch, making five boats, one right behind the other. Our boat was very nice. The cabin was about eight by twelve feet—a nice stove in it to keep us warm; back of this was the kitchen and place for the cabin-boy to sleep. This Chinese boy prepared our meals and waited on us generally. There was a lavatory and a passage leading out to the deck. Altogether, we could not have been more comfortably fixed for the trip.

If I should try with all my might I could not give you an adequate description of the things we saw. Lands-

men have no clear conception of what these houseboats are like. Seated in the warm cabin, we looked out of two windows at the scenes as we were waiting for the start. All around us was busy, noisy Chinese boat-life. Then on one side, crowded close up to us, grazing the very side of our boat, was a great awkward barge loaded with Chinese tables and chairs and furniture of all descriptions, belonging to some Chinese official who was coming up the canal at the same time we were. The loading of all this furniture on the official's boat delayed us an hour. Finally, just as the darkness came down and obscured most of the scene, we felt ourselves moving slowly and smoothly along. We passed, along the way, Chinese houseboats. Here, hurrying by—not hurrying in our Western sense, but in a Chinese way—was a boat loaded heavily with great bulky bales of Chinese cotton; then a boat filled with bags of salt; here comes a “compo” boat with all its family aboard. Half of this boat is covered over with bamboo mats. Under these mats we catch glimpses of men, women, and children sitting on their heels, busy at their supper. Over in one corner of this boat we can see a pile of mud and bricks built up so as to support an iron pan—a hole in one side of the pile shows us the remaining cold ashes of a grass and leaf fire. The rice had been cooked by this quick, hot flame. Shouts and calls of every kind added to the general confusion, but as we moved along, after an hour or so we had left the city, with its thousand moving lights (jinrickshaw lanterns) and its confusion of sounds and smells



COALING AT NAGASAKI.

NAGASAKI HARBOR.

and sights. The boy we had brought along came quietly into the cabin, now lighted brightly and comfortable and warm, spread the table, and we soon had a delightful warm supper, after which the table was folded up and drawn aside, and we sat and talked and enjoyed the novelty of the Chinese houseboat.

The city wall around Soochow was an interesting sight. The customs station was reached at nine o'clock Wednesday morning. Our boat was cut loose from the launch and rowed on up into the city to our landing. The welcome we received from our fellow-workers was most cordial and glad, but to me no greetings have been more touching than have been those of the medical students and the servants. The orderlies in the hospital, the internes and stewards, all were standing at the hospital entrance as we came up, and their greetings, polite language, and happy faces, smiling and beaming, were peculiarly impressive. These people are of constant interest to me. I have only been in Soochow two days, but have had five calls from the Chinese ladies. First to call were the wife and daughter of the chaplain of the hospital. The daughter was educated at our McTyeier School in Shanghai, and can speak English. I am going to study Chinese with her—will begin Monday.

While I am writing Doctor Trawick is studying his Chinese lesson. I do not suppose any language was ever studied like this. Think of having a teacher who does not speak a word of English—with no grammar to help you. Their books are most of them printed on thin

paper. They read from top to bottom, and begin at the back of the book and read toward the left. They have no sounds that are like English, and their efforts at English are very funny. They can not twist their tongues around our sounds any more than we can around theirs. Their "pidgin English" is too funny. At home we read jokes about it sometimes, but to actually hear it talked in all seriousness is to me one of the funniest things to which I ever listened. "Pidgin English" is never used in polite society, but in the business world and with servants. I might fill up my letter telling you of this queer language, which I have not yet learned but intend to before I come home. I am sure "pidgin English" will be far more interesting to my friends there than all the Chinese I might talk. Another thing about them which has impressed me is their mode of dress. For example, Doctor Trawick's teacher, who is sitting here in the library while I write, teaching the doctor his lessons, is dressed thus: He has on a pair of trousers of dark blue, made like bloomers somewhat, a band closing just above the ankle; below that is an expanse of white sock, made of domestic; on his feet are black cloth slippers, no heels; over this, from his chin to his heels, is a garment or coat of military blue. There are no seams on the shoulders—all of one piece, with seams under the arms running down the sides. This is cut open in front and buttoned with cords and buttons, then it is split up each side and buttoned or not, as the wearer prefers. This coat is lined with white sheepswool, making it very warm. Around his waist is a plum-colored

silk sash about two inches wide and tied in the back in a hard knot. On his head is a black satin cap, somewhat like a polo cap. In the middle of this is a red silk knot about as large as a walnut; this is made of red silk cord twisted in a queer way to make it into a knot or button. They never remove the cap in the house. When they get cold, instead of going to the fire they put on another coat, for in their houses they have no fires. Sometimes on very cold days you see a man with so many coats on that he looks deformed. These coats are all cut as the one I described, and of course have no fit at all. The queue is plaited down the back, and about half way down they begin to plait in a black silk cord; then after the hair ends the cord goes on to the bottom of the garment—about six inches from the ground; at the end of the cord is a silk tassel, which is to represent hair. When they are in mourning they plait white instead of black cord into the hair, and put a white knot on the cap. Some of them have very heavy queues, and are very proud of them.

Doctor Trawick's teacher is very intelligent, and has nice, polite manners. Some of the medical students are particularly intelligent looking. These men do not look anything like the laundrymen you see at home.

CHAPTER IV

A WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF SOOCHOW, AND A VISIT TO THE FOREIGN CONCESSION

A walk through the streets of a real Chinese city is a novel and interesting experience. Sometimes this is not altogether a pleasant walk, for the "sights" and "smells" in the "Chinatown" of real China are something fearful. Saturday was the day of the funeral of Queen Victoria, and you know the English people all over the world assembled somewhere, in some house, to hear the burial service read for the dead Queen.

Outside of the city wall of Soochow there are the British concessions, and several English people live there. We know them all, and were invited to join in this service to do honor to England's much-loved Queen. After a week of rain and clouds the sun came out, and the day was beautiful, but very cold. About seven minutes' walk brought us outside the "foreign settlement," where we live. Remember, in referring to foreigners I mean those not Chinese. We then found ourselves in a narrow, dark, Chinese street. These streets are about four feet wide, the buildings forming a wall on each side, making them dark and dismal. The sun never shines into many of these Chinese streets. They are filled with beggars and the lower classes of Chinese. It is not hard to imagine what a rabble there would be in such a city of

half a million. These real Chinese streets are very repulsive to me, and I should never venture into one alone.

.

A foreigner creates a great sensation when seen walking through these streets. A lady is especially commented on. The day I speak of, the rabble followed us, commenting on our clothes, our appearance, etc. Before we got outside the wall as many as twenty ragged, dirty men, women, and children were following us. They would run ahead, then stop, turn around and stare at us. It was very amusing to me, although embarrassing and annoying, but I do not blame them, for if a man and a woman of the upper-class Chinese, dressed in their native costume, made of handsome satins embroidered elaborately, should walk through Fourth Street some beautiful afternoon they would create a sensation and be followed by a crowd of small boys. This being the case in a civilized Christian city, what more can we expect of the "heathen Chinese"? We did not have this crowd following us all the way, however, for we soon passed through the gate and were outside the city wall.

.

Here it is not so thickly inhabited, and most of the people we saw seemed to be going in an opposite direction. Our way now for about a mile was on a nicely paved walk, running parallel with the canal. The country is full of canals, travel in China being done almost exclusively by water. All along this canal we saw "huddled" together a hundred or two boats, where people are born,

live and die, knowing no other homes. On the banks are huts made of straw, and they are full of these poor creatures. The canal boats are about the size of a small barge, are covered with a straw matting, and look like gypsy wagons. They never have fires for heating purposes, only enough in an earthen crock to cook rice.

On the opposite side of this canal, rising to a height of about thirty feet, is the wall of the city of Soochow. No one has any record of when it was built. Soon we were in the British concessions, where we could hardly see a suggestion of Chinese life. The houses here are built after foreign plans, and are as beautiful, comfortable, and homelike as any one could wish. On reaching the elegant home of the Commissioner of Customs we found the parlor well filled with people assembled to pay their respects to the dead Queen. The burial service of the Church of England was read.

.
Our return trip was made by boat. These boats are very queer, like so many other things in China. This one was about fifteen feet long, with a cabin in the center six feet by five. A seat ran around two sides; at one end was a tiny table, a chair, and an oil stove. The way these boats are propelled is the queerest thing about them. There is a large oar in the middle of the stern, just over the rudder. This oar has a curved handle. It is held in place by a hole into which is slipped a large pin. The Chinaman stands and works the oar, giving it the motion exactly of a fish's tail. The larger boats have

two oars, which do not appear to work at all in unison. One may imagine with what rapidity these boats move; but, as some one has said, "Never get in a hurry in China, for the natives do not know the meaning of the word." A Chinaman never hurries under any circumstances, and we soon fall into their ways.

After landing, a four-minutes' walk brought us to our own gate, and soon into our cozy library, where a bright fire burned for us.

CHAPTER V

A CHINESE FEAST OF TWENTY-THREE COURSES

I must tell you of a real Chinese dinner I attended. The city is divided into districts under officials who protect the foreigners (as we are called). The official of our district invited us to a "Chinese feast." There were nine foreigners and three Chinese at the table—the official, his private secretary, and one other Chinaman, who spoke a little English. This was my first experience with Chinese food, and you should have seen me trying to manipulate the "chop-sticks." There was not a knife or fork on the table. At each place was a little green plate much smaller than an ordinary saucer, with a green china spoon in it. This spoon was about the size of a soup spoon. First of all was brought in a bowl of tea. These bowls were about the size of an ordinary oatmeal bowl, perhaps a little smaller. A smaller bowl covers this to keep the tea hot. The tea leaves were in each bowl, and we poured boiling water over them; no sugar or cream. You must drink it just so out of the bowl, and the Chinese can drink it almost boiling.

.
At each place was a small plate, divided in the middle by a raised place in the metal. On one side of this plate were watermelon seeds, on the other the kernels of fir cones. These were eaten between the courses,

as we eat salted almonds — just eat them while you wait. Next came a peculiar jelly, cut in small blocks like caramels. This was made from the red haw, which is used here a great deal instead of cranberries, and very delightful it is, too. The different dishes are brought on the table one, or perhaps two at a time, and placed in the center. Then each one is expected to reach over and with his chop-sticks or spoon help himself, putting it on his little green plate, then eating from that. If you should happen to get a piece of meat which is too large for one mouthful you just hold it with your chop-sticks and “bite it off.” Certainly what the Chinese consider very correct would not be tolerated at our tables.

.

The chairs are never drawn close to the table, for were they drawn too near it would not be convenient to rise and make the polite bow of thanks that one has so frequently to do during the course of a feast. After the tea bowls were removed came roast duck. Notice they have neither bread nor water. The Chinese in this section of the Empire do not eat bread. Then came sugarcane. I can not tell you how their meats were prepared — all in some queer way. Next we had clams in the shell, then shark’s fins, lichen soup, roast goose, pigeon-egg soup, spinal cord, ham and bamboo, rice-flour cake, and almond soup; pickled tsay, shrimps, and red pepper; stewed shrimps with ham (you see, ham was a favorite dish), soup of fish stomachs, stewed mutton, and bamboo shoots. Bamboo shoots are used a great deal, prepared

in many different ways. Then came a very queer dish, some kind of "fowl"—goose, I think it was. This was served us; then, in the middle of the table, was a plate of peculiar looking little bags made of dough. You were expected to take one of these bags, then a piece of the goose cut in blocks about two inches square, and with your chop-sticks dip the meat in a plate of sauce, which is also in the middle of the table, then place it in the little dough bag, which you hold in your left hand, and wrap it up in this bag and bite it off.

Next we had another kind of soup. Then a stew made of scrambled eggs and grated ham; stewed oranges; soup again, bamboo, and tsay; ham soup with fish-balls in it; more bamboo. Every time things were prepared differently. Then came chicken soup, and last of all the bowl of rice cooked with eggs, which was delightful, but very difficult to eat, as the proper way is to put the bowl right up to the mouth like you would a cup, and then shove the rice into your mouth with the chop-sticks. Then came another bowl of tea, entirely different from the first. On the table were several plates of peculiar candy and candied fruits of various kinds. There were twenty-three courses. The only reason one lives through a Chinese feast is that you are only expected to taste a little of each course except the rice, the very last course, as we would serve after-dinner coffee. To be strictly correct and polite you must eat all of that, not leaving one grain in the bowl.

CHAPTER VI

A VISIT TO THE QUAIN'T SHOPS OF CHINA

This bright and beautiful Sunday morning, while Doctor Trawick has gone out to see a patient before church time, I have decided to write you. This is the 3d of March. The weather is glorious; the air has just a touch of spring. In a little while we will go to a Chinese church. Doctor Trawick will sit on one side of the church with the men, and I will have to be on the other side with the women. The Chinese men and women never sit together in church. We will all sing Chinese hymns out of Chinese hymn books, only I'll not sing. Then we will kneel while some one offers up a prayer in Chinese. Then another song, after which will come the sermon, not one word of which I will understand, as it is all in Chinese. I have not yet learned the language, consequently I do not go very often.

.
A few days ago we had quite an interesting experience. We went shopping. Now this is something foreigners rarely do in China. We get some of our Chinese friends to do it for us; but this time we decided to do it ourselves, as we wanted to buy some silk and a silver spoon. There were four of us in the party, Doctor Trawick, myself, and two other ladies, then we had our Chinese tailor accompany us to show us the way, as all

shops look alike to the uninitiated. By the way, this lady's tailor is a generally convenient person. He speaks "pidgin English" real well. Then he can do most anything that we want done. He upholstered our box couch for us beautifully, does any mending we want done, and can copy any garment we want made, all for the most reasonable price.

But to continue with our shopping. After walking through narrow streets, from four to ten feet wide, over old stone bridges that were built no one knows when, we reached the "Qur Zee." This is the name of the principal business street in Soochow. It is about five feet wide, the shops built right on the street. Of course the sun never shines in these narrow "streets," hence they are always damp and slippery, the stones being worn smooth from long use.

There are, comparatively speaking, few foreigners in this city of 500,000 inhabitants, so we are all known to the natives.

Finally we reached the silk shop. We were ushered back through many rooms and passages into a smaller room still, where they would show us the silk. In this room we found candles and incense burning to their ancestors. You know their religion is mostly ancestor-worship. The candles and incense, however, were quickly removed to make room to show us the silks on this table.

My, how you would have reveled in those beautiful silks! I can not describe them to you, for they are different

from any I ever saw before. These have no stripes or checks, nor figures of different colors, but the flowers are woven in of the same color as the body of the silk. We selected a pattern we liked, and bought three yards of thirty-one inch wide silk for \$1.87 in gold. After this we went to the silversmith's, or jeweler's. Then I thought how you would have enjoyed this. The room, which was of medium size, was dingy and dark, with not one thing in sight to suggest what their business was. We wanted to have a Chinese silver spoon made for a wedding present. After giving the order, we asked if we could not go up into the shop and see the men at work. You can have no conception of these Chinese houses until you see them. They are rarely over one story high, but spread over acres of ground. We were taken through dark passages, then up a few steps into the workshop, which was about eighteen by twenty-four feet. There the men were busy making rings, bracelets, gold hairpins, silver spoons, etc. It was wonderful to see the amount of carving they put on these things with such primitive tools.

After seeing them at work we came on down, and the son of the proprietor led us through many more rooms and dark passageways, finally into a small reception room ; then, inviting us to be seated and asking to be excused a moment, he went out to call his mother. She came hobbling in on her tiny feet. Her hair was elaborately decorated with pearl ornaments. The Chinese women all dress their hair exactly alike, so the only originality they can display is in the ornaments used, and

these vary more according to the wealth of the wearer than anything else. The pearls in the woman's hair must have cost thousands of dollars. She was delighted to see us, went out and ordered tea for us, with the accompanying confectionery, candy and nuts. She was most cordial to us ; brought in her baby grandson for us to see and admire, and promised to return our call. She was much amused at my little fur hat, which had the head, tail, and claws of a mink on it.

We at last "tore" ourselves away, reaching home in time for dinner.

CHAPTER VII

SOME INTERESTING SCENES IN SOOCHOW—FARMERS, WATER WHEEL, ETC.

Recently we had an interesting walk. We could see from our window some people, men, women, and children, working in a field just across the canal, so we decided to walk over and see what they were doing. We found them standing knee-deep in the blackest mud, working with their arms in this same mud as high as their elbows. We stopped to see what they were doing—they returned the compliment by ceasing to work and staring at us. We asked them what they were doing, and they replied, "Looking for beh zee." This is a kind of water chestnut, looks something like a buckeye, and grows in the rich black mud. They search for it with both hands and feet. It is "mud pies" on a gigantic scale. After they find a big basketful they wash them, there and then, in the canal. They are cooked in many different ways and eaten as vegetables, and are very nice. We foreigners eat and enjoy them very much. There are about half a dozen vegetables that we have here and like that are not known in America.

We watched these people for a long time, for it was a novel scene to us. We then walked on over toward the Ink pagoda, which is not far away. This is a gigantic, square pagoda, painted black, hence its name. Speaking

of pagodas, from our library window we can see four. One of these is the highest in the world. The oldest in the world is also here in Soochow. But to return to our walk, we saw in the distance a water buffalo working a water wheel, and as we were out to see what we could see we went over to investigate this primitive way of irrigating. They have a wooden wheel, to which the buffalo is fastened. He is blindfolded to prevent his getting dizzy, then made to walk "round and round," thus revolving the wheel. This forces the water up into a trough by means of wooden paddles. Thence it is turned into a ditch, where it is carried on down and floods the fields. This apparatus is probably all made by the owner himself. The whole thing being made of wood, it can be lifted on a man's shoulder and moved to any place he may desire. It is hard in a letter to make you understand the simplicity of the Chinese. They are like a race of children, as I have said before. All of their implements are as simple as those used a thousand years ago. After watching this for a little while we walked on to the wall which surrounds the pagoda. We stopped to look at it, and in five minutes were surrounded by twenty Chinese boys and girls in their "teens." Doctor Trawick talked to them, and they were much amused at him. One of the girls called attention to my hat (the Chinese ladies never wear hats anything like ours), and asked me to take it off for them to see, which I did not do. Of course I could not understand much they said, but the doctor had lots of fun with them, and they were as pleased as he was. One boy was flying

a kite—the Chinese are great people for that. Men and boys go out flying kites all day sometimes. Doctor Trawick took the string to see how the kite pulled, and they thought the “foreign doctor” was “lots of fun.” When we left them they insisted we should come “another day and have a good time.” The crowd started to follow us, so Doctor Trawick told them to go back. Immediately one small boy replied: “We have to go to that bridge down there—we live there.” They had come to us from the opposite direction, but like our own American boy he was ready with his excuse as soon as one was necessary. As we came back, one of the men who had been looking for “beh zee” came toward us and gave us some, which he had washed clean for us. So you see the Chinese are very friendly with the foreigners in Soochow.

CHAPTER VIII

A GLIMPSE INTO A BUDDHIST TEMPLE—THE IDOLS AND THE PRIESTS

Recently we went with a few friends sight-seeing. Our first stop was at a Buddhist temple. This is a tremendous, square Chinese building. You have seen pictures of them many times, but no artist can give you a true conception of the real temple. This building has an immense court surrounding it, where they have all kinds of shows that you can see by paying a few cash. This court was crowded—it always is—with idle Chinese loafing around. On going into the temple we found it dark and gloomy. It is not restful and attractive like our churches, but is cold, dirty, and repulsive. As we entered, the first sight to meet our eyes was three immense Buddhas, hideous things about twenty-five feet high. There they sat grinning or glowering at us, according to the manufacturer's idea. Going up some dark, steep stone steps to the second floor, we saw arranged around the walls many more gods. These are a little larger than an ordinary man, made of wood, veneered with gold. There are thirty-six of these, and each one is supposed to have his own special duty. On the third floor were many more, and these were still larger, but all seem to have been made by the same pattern. These last were especially sacred or important, for some were in closed

cases, and no one is allowed to see them. Others have their faces covered to keep the vulgar public from beholding their countenances. One of our medical students told me there were a thousand gods in this temple, some not as large as your hand. Think of intelligent people believing in the power of these awful looking things to grant their requests. These gods they know are made by man, and how can they worship such? The Chinese are intelligent people. They have proved this thousands of years ago.

.

The Buddhist priests are disgusting looking men. They often come to the hospital for treatment. They have their heads shaved entirely. One can usually see a double row of six, nine, or twelve round scars extending from the line of the hair on the brow back to the crown of the head. These scars are the remains of sores burned there with red-hot iron. The spots, about half an inch in diameter, after healing are white, perfectly bald, and show up plainly. They are intended to denote the entire separation of the priest from all worldly affairs and his devotion to the priesthood, and the number of scars in some way denotes the rank or advancement of the priest. The clothes they wear are Chinese, yet not like the regulation costume. They are made of a yellowish, dirty gray cloth, hang from the shoulders in a loose, long robe, sleeves tremendous and baggy, extending down over the hands. They are a miserable, villainous-looking lot, as we see them on the street or even in the temples,

but most pathetic when they come to the "foreign doctor" with some fearful form of eye trouble, or, worse, skin trouble

.
The Chinese are full of superstition, and though they are often cruel and indifferent to the sufferings of their fellow man, they are aroused when a man is about to die. Coming home from an evening spent with some friends not long since, we noticed a man and a boy on the street — near the entrance to a house — with a lighted candle looking carefully over the ground, under stones, and up on the walls of the house. The man even got up on a rock and looked long and searchingly under the tiles on the roof. He was looking for an insect — anything with life — there was some one in his house dying, or perhaps dead. The idea was to catch some live bug or an insect of any kind, then call loud and long for the spirit to come back. I have heard they believe that the insect may itself be the devil which has taken away the life. The Chinaman believes the devil to be the enemy of mankind, who is always getting the wind and the water out of their natural courses in order to perplex good Chinese and snatch away their spirits.



SOOCHOW CREEK, NEAR THE CITY OF SOOCHOW, CHINA.

CHAPTER IX

A SLOW-BOAT TRIP FROM SOOCHOW TO SUNG KONG

Traveling in China is different from anything I have ever seen. There being no launch line from Soochow to Sung Kong, we went by "slow boat." That is the correct name, sure. By "slow boat" one means either rowed, towed, or sailed. The wind being unfavorable, we had to be towed by two men all the way, and you can imagine how rapid was our transit. The sun was shining most beautifully when we left Soochow—three boatmen, a small boy, our own table boy, Doctor Trawick, and myself. Think of that! I was the only woman on board with six men, and five of them Chinamen. We furnished everything, even our chairs. Our room was six by eight feet. We had our own "poo-kay" laid on a bench which was at one end of the room, with our dressing table, three feet square, and two chairs—you can imagine how much room we had in which to move around. Doctor Trawick would have to go out on deck while I made my toilet, for two people could never make their toilets in this room at the same time. Everybody must own a "poo-kay" and a Chinese lunch basket. A "poo-kay" is nothing more than a cotton mattress made in a convenient form to be carried on such boat trips. Soon after getting outside of the city gate we had tiffin. We lighted our oil stove,

made some tea, heated our baked chicken, had nice light-bread, butter, jam, and pie. After this elaborate "tiffin" we went out on deck, which measured three by four feet, so the boy could wash the dishes. All afternoon we were being towed slowly along, over nice broad canals, between fields of green and gold. The Chinese raise a vegetable that has a yellow flower, somewhat like our mustard, and whole fields of this with the green leaves are beautiful. All along on both sides of the canal we could see one or more graves. There seems to be no "law or order" about these graves, but there is. Every grave must be in a certain position or "bad luck" will come to the living. We reached the walled city of Quinsan just about dark, so here we tied up for the night. In a few minutes we heard our boatman call out (in Chinese) to some one that he had foreigners on board. This was the very thing we did not want him to do, as there is not a foreigner in Quinsan; we thought it safest not to let it be known we were there. I was not one bit frightened, although we were away off alone just with Chinese. I slept as well as one could expect with my head jammed up against the planks at one end of the bed and my feet against them at the other. Doctor Trawick, knowing there was some danger, slept with an eye and ear open. We opened our window to let in some air, but the boatman told us to close it. Later we learned from a friend that one night they were on a boat, and she was aroused from sleep by the cover slipping off; she pulled it back,

but it slipped off again. Then she discovered a man had waded out into the water and had his arm in the window and had taken a small silk shawl, and now was actually pulling the cover off their bed. It is not pleasant to have one's clothes and bedding stolen, so we will keep our windows closed in the future. No such trouble came to us, and at daylight we pulled out, hoping to reach Sung Kong by noon. We, however, had reckoned without our boatmen. Slow! Well, I should say so. Slower, even, than the average Chinese. Noon rapidly approached, but we seemed to make little or no progress. Doctor Trawick got out on deck and played captain a while, and we moved along a little faster. After "tiffin" I persuaded him to put on his long dressing-gown and take a nap, as he slept so little the night before. In a little while we came to a place where the tow-path was interrupted by a small canal, across which there was no bridge. We had to go to shore and let our two men who were towing us get on board. They jumped on, and as they did so I heard an awful crash. Then the doctor called out in English, "What in the world is the matter?" I opened his door, and a very funny sight met my eyes. There he sat on the side of his bed, his eyes showing he had been asleep, and our nice lunch-basket turned upside down on the floor. The jar to the boat caused by the men jumping on had done it. There we had oatmeal over everything, dishes broken, jam and sugar scattered around. Well, altogether, it was something of a mess. However, Doctor Trawick looked so funny that I had to

laugh instead of being angry at the boatmen. I managed to get things in order once more, and he finished his nap without further interruption.

About five o'clock, as the sun was going down, we turned off the big canal into a very narrow one, which also proved to be very shallow. Then we saw still another way to propel the boat. Sometimes the canals are so shallow that the bottom of the boat scrapes the mud so that the boatmen can not row. Neither can they tow, so then they take long bamboo poles with short hooks in the end, and a man stands on each side of the front of the boat and by sticking these hooks into the bed of the canal and pulling with all their might they slide the boat along. Then they put the poles down a few feet farther and repeat this motion. You can imagine what rapid progress we were making at this rate. In a little while a boat just the size of ours came up behind us, being "poled" just as ours was. They overtook us and got exactly even with us, our sides touching each other. The canal was so narrow they could not pass any other way. No other boats in the world could stand this rough treatment, bumping into and being bumped, without being turned over or injured. But these boats stand it, and are not hurt. All of this time our boatmen were determined not to be passed, so there the poor men, two on each boat, were "poling" with all their strength for about fifteen minutes; then we commenced to gain and finally passed them. Everybody we would meet we would ask "How far to Sung Kōng?" and we would get most any reply as

to distance. Finally we saw a foreign house in the distance, and thought it must be Mr. Reed's. I said to Doctor Trawick: "Why don't you ask that Chinaman standing on the bank so kindly holding a lantern for us?" He replied: "I have called him and asked him, and the boatmen have done the same several times, but have never gotten one sound from him." Strange to say, that man held the light for us to see to come ashore, then lighted our way to Mr. Reed's, but never spoke one word. This is another peculiarity of the people. Sometimes they will refuse to reply to a question, and there is no dragging an answer from them. It was now half-past eight o'clock Tuesday night, and we had been since eleven o'clock Monday traveling seventy-five miles. Go to China for rapid transit.

CHAPTER X

A VISIT TO A NATIVE FLOWER GARDEN AND A "LEANING PAGODA" NEAR SOOCHOW

Recently with some friends we went by "rickshaw" and boat some five miles outside the city wall.

Here I had my first view of a Chinese public garden, or park. We entered a big, dingy, barn-like building, where many men sat at tables and behind desks in a most business-like way, but none of them seemed busy. We paid our ten cents each, entrance fee, and were shown through a door, and were left to follow our own inclinations. We found ourselves in a narrow passage which turned only to lead into another. This continued for some distance. Finally we came to an open space; I mean open overhead, but walls on the four sides. Here we saw gnarled old trees and pools of water filled with goldfish, rustic bridges spanning these pools from one to another. There were islands with huge stones worn by the sea, small tea or summer houses, and the most beautiful flowers. Of course this is a little early and the flowers were only beginning to bloom, but will be very beautiful later in the season. After winding around over rustic bridges and still more rustic and romantic stone walks we came to an exit in the form of another long, narrow passage. We entered, and in a few moments found ourselves in another court similar to, yet quite



TEA HOUSE AND LOTUS POND.

different from the first. The garden is composed of many—I have no idea how many—of these courts. In some we found caged animals; in one was an ancient Chinese library. The books were all in glass cases, a separate case for each book; beautifully carved chairs and tables, etc.

Finally we selected one of the tea houses and began to spread our lunch, and you may be sure it was not long before we had a large and interested audience. The Chinese have great curiosity, and always are interested in a foreigner, so we had to let them stare. After “tiffin,” the table boys we had brought with us packed up our lunch-baskets and we all went to our boat.

After a five-mile ride, which took one hour and a half, we found ourselves at the “Tiger Hill Pagoda.” This is said to be one thousand years old. It is on the summit of a mountain or very high hill, and is leaning like the Tower of Pisa. We estimated that it is leaning at least twelve or fifteen feet out of the perpendicular. It is so old and dilapidated that the entrances on the ground floor have been closed up to keep one from going in, as it is dangerous. It is six stories high, and the dust has collected for so many ages on the ledges that now there is earth enough for grass and weeds to grow. You can never imagine how picturesque this old pile is with the green growing here and there from top to bottom. At the base, about fifty or a hundred feet away, is a temple. Here we saw the combination of images called the “Goddess of Mercy.” She is really four gods, for there are four idols just alike,

placed with their backs to each other, forming a square. Each image has two hundred and fifty hands, one pair of hands clasped in an attitude of supplication, another pair hanging clasped loosely down in front. The third pair is above the head. The rest are much smaller, and are all extending from the shoulder, making a fan-like effect. In each hand is held a gift. These statues are about ten feet high, I suppose. Of course, the incense and red lights are kept constantly burning. Here also we saw an immense old gong, which is rung by a piece of banana wood swung from a rope.

After enjoying the fine view of the city and surrounding country from the mountain we started down the broad stone walk which leads down the hill from the temple to the canal. The report had gone abroad that foreigners were visiting the garden, and as we came down we counted fifteen beggars, stationed at regular intervals along the walk, waiting for us, each one ready with his little bowl or cup for the "cash."

We had tea on our boat, and reached home at seven o'clock; found big mail from home, which made a nice ending to a most happy day.

CHAPTER XI

SOME INTERESTING SIGHTS ALONG THE CANALS

Along the banks of the canal at various intervals we see "water wheels," a strange contrivance for irrigating the "paddy fields," as the rice fields are called. Reaching from the water up the bank of the canal to the level of the field is a sort of wooden trough, in which runs an endless chain made of wood. The links of this chain are made so as to catch the water and draw it up as the chain revolves around a wheel at the upper part of the trough. This wheel is turned by a larger one, to which is harnessed a cow or water buffalo. The poor beast has her nose drawn down close to the wheel, and around and around this she walks, her eyes covered with bamboo shields, or frequently the shells of the tortoise or mud terrapin. This is to keep her from growing dizzy from the going "round and round." A small Chinese child stands close by, ready to whip the buffalo at the slightest relaxation of its efforts.

.

Occasionally, as we turn in some of the many windings of the canal, we brush up against the reeds which grow away out into the water. These reeds are very useful articles to the natives. Their long, waving blades make mats and ropes, and the reed stalks themselves are made into blinds—some of the very kind of blinds we

have in our own house in Louisville. They serve splendidly to keep out the glare of these summer days.

While I am writing we are moving along slowly toward Sung Kong. Out of the window of our boat I see a mountain a few miles from Sung Kong, on the top of which we can easily see the round dome of an observatory and a large, well-built Catholic school. This observatory is perhaps the best equipped in the East, and is on an admirable spot for observations. Many hours out from the city this mountain can be seen, and we wind around and about through the low-lying country, following the uncertain course of the canal, never out of sight of the observatory and the patient, silent mountain foundation. On another mountain some distance from this observatory we see a Chinese temple. The mountain is perfectly bare of trees except at the very top—there is a clump, and we see clearly the walls and curved roof of the temple. Our boat has stopped. The tow-path seems to have come to an end. As we lie alongside the bank the tall reeds bend and shake in the wind, rattle against our boat, their tall tips bending into our window. The men who are towing us will come on board, when we will row on down till we come to the tow-path again.

This time a rather amusing thing happened. The tow-path was broken by a canal running into the main canal down which we are going. Our men came to the bank of this little canal, stopped—called back to us they could tow no farther. Our man on the boat reached out

and grasped some of the long reeds growing close up to him, held the boat against the stiff wind while the towmen made use of a small boat, just passing by, rowed by a smaller boy. Our men literally confiscated this little boat, and made the small boy ferry them across the canal to where the tow-path began again. It was all done so quickly that the small boy and his boat are still looking back at us surprised as we ripple along merrily enough—considering. What about the weather? Why, it is delightful. We could not have had a more pleasant day so far as actual temperature is concerned. The wind that bears so strong against us blows away all the hot odors that would otherwise be most objectionable, keeps us cool, and makes us want to sleep away the time. The wind rattling the reeds outside blows into the boat, fanning the window curtains, making them stand straight out from the side of the boat sometimes it is so strong.

CHAPTER XII

RICE PLANTING

This seems to be the season for planting rice, and we have seen the process of planting in all its stages. We have just passed a little village which affords some very interesting sights. Before coming through the village I noticed the farmers at work in their fields. These "paddy fields" are made perfectly level, with mud partitions dividing them up into small sections. The water wheel is brought, and water is drawn up into the field nearest the canal. This portion is flooded, then the water is turned by means of ingeniously constructed ditches into adjoining fields until the whole face of the country is under about three inches of water, with here and there a grave mound rising in neglected silence out of the mud. Even the piles of mud thrown up in rows to partition off the fields are utilized. The rice is first sown in a small place much like the old plant beds used in Kentucky for tobacco plants, only these rice beds are under water. The young rice plants resemble wheat very much in appearance at this stage. When the rice plants have grown about six inches high, women wade into the plant beds, pull up the little plants, tie them with a piece of dried grass or a blade of the reeds I have spoken of into little bundles, several hundred plants to the bundle.

The rice or paddy fields have been made ready. We can see them now all around here doing this part of the work. The ground is thoroughly plowed—all under water. A crude wooden plow is used; a water buffalo is harnessed, or rather tied to the plow with a queer arrangement of ropes—the plowman and buffalo sinking in the mud up to their knees as they turn up the earth. After this mud is thoroughly turned up or broken up the water is again turned in, and the whole put under several inches of water. With a long line—made, by the way, of this very same reed which grows in such profusion along the canals—rows are laid out, the rice plants have been distributed through the flooded paddy fields, and several farmers—men and women—wade in and set the little plants, one at a time, in rows about six inches apart. After the field is set it resembles very much a wheat field in old Kentucky sowed by a drill, only these fields are under water. As we came through the little village I saw women at work threshing wheat. Of all ancient, crude processes we have seen here, this perhaps “caps the climax.” The wheat is cut a handful at a time by a sharp curved knife resembling very much the one we see in the Bible pictures of “Ruth gleaning.” The handfuls of wheat straw are gathered, carried to a clear place, and piled in sheaves. A plank is laid on the ground, one side elevated. Two women stand behind this plank, take as much wheat straw as they can hold in both hands, and beat the heads of wheat on the plank. The grains of wheat, with the hull and portions of the “beard,” fly out

in a heap, and are kept from scattering by a pile of straw laid around in a crude circle.

The threshing is done by tramping it out, then throwing the wheat up in the air and allowing the wind to blow the chaff away. These wheat "hulls," or chaff, are used for fuel—as the wheat straw is used both for fuel and for thatching roofs of houses and for making "waterproof" coats for the farmers. These "waterproof" coats are strange-looking things. I have seen men wearing them who looked more like an animated wheat sheaf than like a man. Fuel is needed only for cooking purposes, and rice must be cooked over a very hot fire, so this straw and chaff make the quick, hot blaze necessary. It is hard to realize there are people living in the beginning of the Twentieth Century doing work in the "old-time way," as do these slow, plodding Chinese.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE HOSPITAL WORK

No account of our life in Soochow will be complete without giving you a glimpse occasionally of the hospital work. It will of course not be possible to enter into any detailed account of the daily happenings there, nor to give you a complete history of all cases that come under observation, but I am sure you will find it interesting to read of some few incidents and cases selected from the doctor's diary.

He has spoken often of the indifference of the Chinese to pain, and their heartlessness in the presence of suffering in other people.

The students and internes occasionally have to be mildly rebuked for what seems to us rudeness, for their native instincts are hard to control, and to laugh at a sick man's suffering or make light of death as though it were an occasion for mirth are some of the outcroppings of these "native instincts."

Recently the house surgeon of the hospital blandly smiled and then broke into mirthful laughter at the sight of a wife's grief for her husband, who had just died.

The scenes of neglect and suffering are sometimes almost beyond belief, as the following incident may show. The doctor was called to see a boy who had taken opium with suicidal intent. On arriving at the place he found

the street blocked with people, surrounding a stretcher borne by two men on which was the boy, about fifteen years of age. Over the patient was thrown a rough old cloth. The doctor was told the boy had already died; had taken the opium some time early in the day. This meant any time in the forenoon. Doctor Trawick asked to be allowed to see the boy; that it might be possible he was still alive. On throwing the covering back from the poor fellow's face he gasped several times and began to breathe irregularly. The doctor saw that his patient was truly in the very last stages of opium poisoning, but as he had on several occasions restored opium victims to life when they seemed as hopeless as this case, he said to the crowd that it was worth the effort. He said the street was not a convenient place to work, especially with the patient surrounded by such a crowd of lookers-on. To the doctor's horror one of the men of the family in which the boy was employed as a servant threw up his hands and in a loud voice cried, "No! unless you can say positively you can save his life he must be carried away from the house to die."

Of course he could not guarantee to restore the boy to life, so the stretcher-bearers, with rough, heathenish laughs and coarse jests, moved off with the still living boy. The doctor found another member of the family standing in the door of his house, smiling complacently. He said the family only employed the boy as an underling; that for some little reason of the boy's own he had taken opium; that they had done their duty with the boy;



John D. Prawick

in other words, "gotten virtue" so far as men's opinions go by calling two Chinese physicians (?) and one foreign doctor, so what more could the boy expect? The object of the haste to get the body out of the house was simply that the boy should not die there and have his spirit haunting them continually. The boy was presumably to be carried to his own home, but we 'doubt very much if the stretcher-bearers ever reached his home. He could very easily be dropped into some deserted out-house if it was not convenient to carry him a long way to his own home. You hear sometimes in an indefinite way of such awful heathenism, but when you come directly in contact with it in this most cruel, heartless form it is sickening.

Occasionally the good-nature of the foreign doctor is imposed upon. Frauds are perpetrated, and many colored stories are told to elicit sympathy and charity. While these cases are rare, they do occur, and invariably have in them some very pathetic truth.

Recently a man was brought to the hospital with both eyes literally gouged out. The story was as pitiful as the sight. The man—a well-built, sturdy-looking young fellow; married, and had a wife and one son—was going home alone in his boat; had twenty dollars with him. It seems that for some time he had been a leader in his neighborhood of an effort to drive out a band of organized robbers who were living around the village. This marked him, of course, in the eyes of the robbers. Four of them overpowered him and called for his money,

which he refused to give up. Resisting them, he was beaten fearfully, evidently with bamboo rods. His clothes were torn from him. He still refused to give up his money. The marks on his face showed too well what followed. A knife was plunged into the left eye, the bridge of his nose broken, and his eyes gouged out. His story was a pitiful one, and his appeals to the doctor were heartrending.

“Foreign doctor, please, can’t you give me a little light? I want to see the light!” The old father of the young man stood by sobbing while the doctor had to tell the poor fellow that he had no eyes; he could not give him the light. The foreign doctors have performed so many operations that have resulted in permanent relief from the suffering which the poor Chinaman has endured for so long that they think the doctor can do anything, and it was hard to convince this poor man that he could not restore the sight, even though the eyes were gone.

The sequel to this story showed the victim to be a fraud. The inflamed sockets were treated and the man made as comfortable as possible. After several days, during which time it was noticed that nothing could be gotten from the old father as to the history of the case, the inflammation had almost subsided. Efforts had been made earnestly to draw the man out, when we were surprised to receive the card of a prominent official; he had come with his police to arrest the poor fellow. The man proved to be the leader of a desperate band of robbers. In a jealous rage the leader of a rival band had fallen

on this man, beaten him, and in his fury wreaked the utmost vengeance by putting out his victim's eyes, then permitting him to escape with his life.

The patient, who had so successfully aroused the doctor's interest, was taken away under strong guard and put in prison.

Doctor Trawick has just come in from the hospital and told me of a terrible case that was brought there to-day. The Chinese often attempt suicide, for they believe that death ends all trouble. This man tried to commit suicide, and this was his mode of operation. He took a china bowl and broke it, then with the rough pieces he cut into his abdomen, cutting through the flesh and also into the covering to the intestines; tore himself to pieces with the jagged edges of the broken bowl. Then he powdered some of the china and swallowed it. After three days his friends brought him to the hospital. Doctor Trawick, with an assistant, got to work immediately and tried to save the man's life. In cleaning and feeling around in the abdomen, what should he find but a brass key to a Chinese lock; this key is about six inches long, and to make his suicide a success he had stuffed this key through the cut into the intestines. It remains to be seen what will be the result. He has lived through the operation, which seems wonderful when you remember it had been three days since the attempt at suicide.

CHAPTER XIV

A LETTER FROM A PENITENT PUPIL

The following letter was given me by Miss W., a teacher in one of the schools here in Soochow, with an interesting account of the reason for its production. The pupil, a bright young man, had in his infancy been betrothed to a girl about his own age, whom, according to Chinese custom, he had not seen.

He was sent to the Christian school, and of course attended church. In church and on such occasions he had opportunities to catch glimpses of a little girl with whom he had played as a little boy, and whom his young heart yearned for tenderly.

During the years of his studies with Miss W. his love for the little Christian girl grew, and his determination increased not to marry the heathen girl to whom his parents had bound him in his babyhood. In his perplexity he confided in Miss W. She promised to do all she could to influence the boy's father and mother to release him from the contract with the heathen girl, but Miss W. warned him that he must strictly observe all Chinese customs, and not attempt to talk to nor write letters to his sweetheart. The boy promised, but one day in church he saw his love do something of which he did not approve, so in his eagerness to correct her conduct wrote a note sharply reprimanding her. The

rebuke was evidently too severe, for the maiden was seen crying bitterly soon after receiving his note. In his grief at causing her pain, he wrote a second note begging her not to be hurt by what he had said. Miss W. soon heard of this flourishing correspondence, and in order to call to the boy's mind his promise not to attempt to see his sweetheart nor to write letters to her she told him that for his disobedience she must refuse to have anything further to do with the affair, and could not afford to attempt to influence the boy's father and mother if the boy insisted on breaking his promises. This brought the young man sharply around. He saw that it would go hard with him should he be left to work out his case alone with his parents.

In his distress he composed the following true confession and appeal:

SHANGHAI.

My dear Miss W.

Thousand thoughts of unpleasant came into my heart after I have done it, though it says nothing wrongly but I knew why I did this things was wrongly.

How sorry you know it must be in that very time I felt my sin, not only hurt you but hurt myself also.

In the time which I promised you I felt that is very easy for me to keep it so I contempt it, and did not pay any notice for, but when the temptation came I can't manage myself at all, as if it says, "never mind it's nothing for you if you do it," and so I was failed.

Very very much sorry as I have been yielding to the temptation and breaked my beautiful promise and deceived my best Friend and Teacher.

Until last Friday I received from you I read it over and so much afflictions added to my soul, almost break my heart, many a sorrowful tears have been shed from my spiritual soul as many from my bodily eyes.

I have disappointed myself to be a strong christian and do the very Will of God, for I have deceived my best Friend who paid her confidence to me and trusted strongly upon my promise which is broken.

The deep sorrows of my spirit has been blocked thickly up of my long cherished determination and desire. Thereupon in this several days after I received your letter I have waste a plenty of time, by my despairing mind and my memory has been escaped also, tho' it's better now.

Behold my state, full of misery, of weakness, of darkness! And from all this I conclude that I am to pass all the days of my life without knowing what shall become of I or what is to befall me. Perhaps I might find some mirth and joy, time and opportunity in my troubles and in my disappointments, or else I might bearing it for everlasting.

Fy! how can I see my dear Friend again. Am I covered my face with napkins or painted it with gold! Nothing but repents and ask forgiveness, for my Redeemer Jesus has been also forgiven Peter in three times, so I am dare to ask also. Will you please to excuse me kindly with your true heart and don't remember it again for I offering my true repentance both to God and to you from my innermost heart.

Also I promised you again, although I am ashamed to. I shall keep it and never do it again except your promise, if God help me.

Remember that I have unaccomplished all of my studies a long time since I received from you. And now I standing for your letter of generous excuse. Please you

pray for me especially ask God to give me double strength and help me standing firm in temptations for I am the weakest child of God.

Please also pray for me that God's have mercy on me again and give me more favour and deliver me from all troubles.

Not only that, especially to be earnest in His Holy Doctrine and be the mighty leader of the world.

Please tell Miss A. and Miss T. that I am sorry that I have any opportunity to write them for my heart is very much confused, but I remember them and also longing for their letters. Now good-bye.

Your loving, sorry pupil and boy,
OO FOK PAU.

CHAPTER XV

OFF FOR JAPAN

As I have written you, we are to spend our summer in Japan. We crossed the China Sea in a small Japanese steamer called the "Hakuai Maru." I say small, that is by comparison to such steamers as the "China," one of the Pacific mail steamers. This, however, was a clean, trim little steamer, owned and manned by Japanese. It was built to be used as a hospital ship during the China-Japan War. The Red Cross consequently figures prominently in the decoration of the ship's interior. We had very pleasant traveling companions, and would have thoroughly enjoyed the two days' run to Nagasaki from Shanghai had we not been tossed and tumbled about rather mercilessly by the not too quiet nor amiable China Sea, famous for its capacity to make people seasick. Even the best of sailors suffer sometimes from the criss-cross swell encountered.

On Monday morning we anchored in Nagasaki harbor. The heavy rain that fell almost continually during the day prevented me from going ashore.

Here we enjoyed again the interesting experience of "coaling." Nagasaki, you know, is a famous coaling station for all transpacific steamers. The Japanese companies owning steamers that ply between local ports also have arrangements here for taking on coal. It is a

sight worth seeing, and the rapidity with which the little people fill a ship's coal bunkers is remarkable.

Well, after the day here we weighed anchor, and soon were gliding with the daylight out and away between the green hills and over the tumbling, tossing waves. The night run was smooth, and early daylight found us anchored in the narrow straits between Moji and Shimonoseki, the southern entrance to the Inland Sea. Moji was to be our landing-place. The sun came up over the beautiful mountain tops, and the swish of the tiny waves or an occasional call from the ever-present "sampan" broke the early morning stillness. We were waiting. We knew our train left the station at Moji for Hiroshima at about eight o'clock, and every minute was precious, for this train was the "express," and to miss that might mean a tedious wait in a small, uninteresting Japanese village. The ship's breakfast gong sounded, and we soon were ready with our baggage to board the launch and go ashore. But the ostentatious "quarantine" officers were not so eager as we were. That trying formality over, we hoped to board the launch and start, but not so; there was some more bowing and mumbling and doffing of hats, then word came that we could go aboard the small tug, puffing and making itself heard with the characteristic persistency of its masters. We again hoped to be put ashore at the "customs station," but here again one of those hard-to-be-explained whims of the Japanese manifested itself. We were put into a "sampan" fully half a mile away from that "traveler's misery"—the customs

station. Slowly and gradually we approached that station, but rapidly and with almost maddening persistency the time slipped away. After we had secured the coveted chalk-marks on our baggage there remained somewhat less than half an hour to make it to the railway station. No one could be prevailed upon to call a baggage cart or rickshaw, so Doctor Trawick attended to that himself, soon finding that the energy and insistency that might avail at home was worse than wasted on these Orientals. It was a queer procession that wended its way through the mud of the narrow village street, around and about, till it seemed we were certainly going away from the railway station rather than toward it. There at the head of the procession was a small push-cart, not unlike the once-familiar Italian banana carts, with our heavy baggage, slowly grinding its way pushed by a tiny Jap, who seemed to be possessed of phenomenal strength. Following our leader, I came in a rickshaw with my suit case and hand satchel, then bringing up the rear-guard was Doctor Trawick in a rickshaw with his hand baggage.

As we came up to the station we had just three minutes in which to check our baggage, buy tickets, and board our train, besides send a telegram to our friends at Hiroshima. To our dismay, no one in all that busy, bustling crowd could speak a word of English. The bell was ringing for the departure of our train. We felt we must not miss it. The little baggage-master fussed and declared there wasn't time to check the baggage. Doctor Trawick insisted that we must catch that train. While

he was superintending the weighing and checking, I had somehow gotten through the gate onto the platform. The bell-ringer took his bell and was just beginning to sound the last warning when I, in my eagerness to have the baggage all put aboard and Doctor Trawick safe through with his interview with the officers, called to the man: "Don't ring! Don't ring that bell!" In his amazement he dropped his bell, and with his hands hanging idly at his sides, his mouth half open, and his face a picture of surprise and wonder, I saw how ridiculous the situation was, and Doctor Trawick and I both enjoyed a long, hearty laugh as we hurried after our baggage, saw it safely in the car, then were ushered into our own apartments. The doors were slammed and the shrill whistle of the guard signaling to the engineer to start, the rumble of wheels and the screech of the little locomotive, all were parts in the ludicrous scene. We had kept the train waiting nearly fifteen minutes, and by no other means than what we would at home call "a bluff."

After all, we failed to catch the express, and instead of making the run from Moji to Hiroshima in five hours we were ten on the road. But that was a delightful day we spent. I have never passed through a country where the scenery was more like my idea of fairyland. There were, to be sure, startling evidences of humanity, and that in rather a primitive state; but the mountains on the one hand, shelved with their waving plots of rice fields, capped with green and veiled often with films of clouds; on the other the ever beautiful, ever changing

glint and green of the Inland Sea, now washing up on the rocks of the railway bed in foam of glistening white, now lying like a dream of peace between the purple and blue mountain-islands—could there be a more pleasing combination to make up pretty scenery for eyes tired of the severe plains of the low-lying land in China about Soochow?

A happy day was that we spent on the way to Hiroshima. Just as the sun went down behind the mountains and darkness came on we rolled into the station at Hiroshima, and there met our friends. They had been to meet every train from the south. Our telegram had been badly interpreted by an accommodating Japanese, and of course misled them. Here we spent two pleasant days, seeing the school, attending the commencement exercises, visiting the Naval Academy of Japan, and witnessing a grand review and drill of the soldiers stationed there.

On the third day we, with our friends, got an early morning train for Kobé.

CHAPTER XVI

TRAVELING BY RAIL IN JAPAN

Our stay in Kobé was very pleasant. We met many people there, some of whom we have heard of for a long time, others none the less cordial because we were strangers.

Our destination, however, is a little village way up in the mountains, called Karuizawa. Let me take up our diary from the time we left Kobé.

Wednesday we took the early morning train for Tokio. This is a long, tiresome trip of over twelve hours, but the entire party agreed to make it by rail, because I am such a poor sailor. The second-class coaches are just as comfortable as the first-class, the only difference, as some people say, is in the number of mirrors. The first-class have a greater number of these useful articles. The cost of travel in the second-class coaches is about one third less than in the first-class, so we traveled second-class, as nearly everybody does. The weather was perfect, the scenery constantly changing, mountains and valleys, oceans and rivers, everything to make the trip delightful. We see marvelous combinations of heathenism and civilization on every side. At all the stations the active Japanese boy is seen with large boxes of lunch and cups of hot tea. Tokio is the Mecca of Japan. Every one goes up to Tokio or down to Tokio or over to Tokio.

We did not have to depend on Japanese food for our unch, as we had brought some with us. There was no dining car on this trip. It looks queer to see a little Jap come into a car. The seats are frequently running lengthwise the car. The first thing he does is to spread his steamer rug or blanket out on the seat. All the space thus covered is his and no one dares to trespass. Then he takes off his shoes and sits on the top of his rug. When we stop at a station, boys come to the windows with large trays of lunch-boxes and candy to sell; others will have trays full of little teapots of hot tea. Some of these pots with little cups are very artistic and pretty, and I felt like getting a dozen or so to send to my friends at home, for they would be curios from Japan. The tea leaves are put into the pot, and in his hand the boy carries a large copper vessel of hot water. When some one wishes a pot of tea he pours it full of water, puts the little cup upside down on top, hands it to the purchaser, charging the large amount of one and one half cents for the whole thing. After we have bought a pot we can have it refilled along the road any place we stop, paying one half cent for the refilling.

.

We have seen sights wonderful indeed. The Japanese are a nation void of modesty. Living in a civilized Christian country, you can have no idea how a nation can be so lacking in that virtue until you visit Japan. Children ten years of age running around with no garments on, and grown men with nothing more than Adam's fig leaf.

As we sped along through this natural scenery we saw a woman out in her front yard with children playing about devoid of all clothes, while she took a bath ; there she sat in a large tub, scrubbing away, smiling complacently. We never see anything like this in China—for you know the Chinese do not bathe. Interesting experiences and novel sights are never over with when one is traveling in the Orient.

CHAPTER XVII

A NIGHT IN A JAPANESE HOTEL

On reaching Tokio, we found that our train left very early the next morning, so we decided to put up with the novel inconveniences of a native hotel, about three minutes' walk from the station.

Our first duty on arriving at the hotel was to take off our shoes. There is really a great deal of reason for this queer custom. In the first place, the shoes or clogs, or sandals, worn by most of the people gather a great deal of dirt as the wearers walk. As there are no chairs in their rooms, the floor is the great place for eating, sleeping, and sitting, hence there is need to keep them clean. It is very easy to step out of these clogs, for they are held on only by a small strap or cord, which passes between the big toe and the second, then over the back of the foot.

Their stockings are short and made of cloth, mitten-like, with a separate place for the big toe.

After removing our shoes we climbed up a flight of steps like a steep ladder, then up a second flight just as steep. At the top of this we were shown our rooms. There were five in our party. The Japanese never use chairs; they kneel down, and sit back on their heels. The floors are covered with mattings, which are heavily padded. In our room was a lamp on the floor. On one side was a small table about three feet square and about

one foot high ; on this table were several fans. These simple articles, with a large screen, made up the furnishing of the room. We had a corner room, so the two outside walls were like sliding doors, which instead of being made of small panes of glass were covered with a thin white paper like tissue paper. These doors can be pushed back or taken completely out, thus leaving two walls open. All around on the outside is a veranda about two feet wide. This is entirely closed at night with sliding doors, of wood instead of paper. The partition between this room and the one next (which was occupied by two of our party) ran within about two feet of the ceiling. This partition was of the same paper doors—in fact, this arrangement of screens and sliding partitions is found in all Japanese houses. Every sound can be heard from one room to the other.

.

When we got our baggage settled, the Japanese girls came in to fix the bed. They went to a closet in one corner and took out two mattresses, which they placed side by side in the middle of the floor. These were covered with white cotton, and at the head of each was placed a round, hard pillow, and on the foot was what was supposed to be a comfort, but I was glad it was not cold, for the comfort was not at all attractive. This was all, except two kimonas for us to sleep in, but we did not care for them. The rest of our party, having been in Japan for some time, came prepared with sheets and pillows, and kindly shared with us. There was no washstand in our

room, so I concluded to go to the wash room and get off a little of the dirt we had collected during our day's journey. While we were washing face and hands, in walked three Japanese men with their sleeping kimonas. They did not seem at all displeased at our presence, but came right in and began to wash face and hands. It was quite a "sociable time" we were having. While waiting for the maids to fix our beds we were served with hot tea, and then pipes were brought in for us to smoke. The Japanese ladies smoke. After a good night's rest, for we were very tired, we managed to persuade the "maid" to bring a bowl of water for each of us, so we would be spared going to the "family wash room."

The next morning we made our way down to the "cashier's" office, paid our bills, and repaired to the restaurant at the railway station, where we had a good foreign breakfast.

CHAPTER XVIII

HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JAPAN

From Tokio to Karuizawa is not more than fifty miles, yet on account of the rough, mountainous character of the country and the many annoying stops made we were nearly eight hours making the trip. The little village, with its unpronounceable name, is a mere bunch of Japanese huts, so the guide-books say, saved from utter neglect by foreigners who discovered the place and built here summer homes, making an ideal summer resort. The plain is some three thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by many mountain peaks, some, even as I write, lost in drifting clouds, some veiled in a purplish haze, some catching the clear sunlight and reflecting back to us restful tints of green and purple. Towering higher than all the rest, with a grandeur and sublimity belonging only to greatness, Asama-Yama rises way above the minor peaks about, and just as I write the cloud-veil is being drawn aside, and there, rising still higher, is a volume of black smoke rolling out of the crater, for Asama is an active volcano, ten thousand feet high.

Our last half day before reaching this place was the most uncomfortable traveling we have had in Japan. The cars were small and crowded, and we had to change twice after leaving Tokio; each time the cars were a little worse than those we had left. After we had made the

last change, however, we had no time to think of the unpleasant things, for the interest one feels in the scenery and in the wonderful engineering feats of the railway is enough to make the time pass rapidly. In the last six miles of our journey we passed through twenty-six tunnels, varying in length from a few hundred feet to possibly half a mile. Out of one dark tunnel into another we would rush, across a trestle high above some tumbling, roaring mountain torrent, around rough shoulders of jagged rocks, continually climbing the steep grade, until finally we rush out into the light; our little train acquires quickened speed, and with a shriek from the mountain locomotive we roll into the little station of Karuizawa.

After about half an hour's rapid walk in the cool mountain air we reached our little summer home, and are soon busy arranging baggage, etc., for our sojourn.

.
Let me give you a little glimpse at our summering-place, Karuizawa.

Our home has a broad, nice veranda across the front; our sitting room is cozy and comfortable, with the Japanese sliding doors in front. We rent the house ready furnished (?). There are five of us occupying this cottage, and we are a congenial, happy party. In our room we have a bed, a table (which serves also as a dresser and washstand), and a few chairs. This is a front room, opening into our "sitting room." Then comes the dining room, furnished equally as elaborately. The kitchen is a sort of basement arrangement. It is truly camping, but

we are enjoying it all, and I don't know a happier little company. The air is balmy, and the scenery could not be surpassed.

We sit on our front porch and look straight ahead at the largest active volcano in Japan. Just a few days ago we got a picture of Asama as the black smoke poured out in great volumes and rose straight in the air for about five thousand feet. The trip to the top of the volcano is one we are anticipating with much pleasure. We are told it is a tiresome trip, taking about fifteen hours there and back, but we are going to take it, and I will write you a full description. Sunday morning we went to church, and you can never realize what that means to people who have lived in the interior and not heard a sermon in English for months. To actually be in a church full of English-speaking people, hear a good sermon in our native tongue, and oh, the singing! At home you might think it a poor excuse for a church—a small frame building with about one hundred and fifty people in the congregation, a small organ, no fine clothes, no up-to-date styles; but these are only the outward things. It would be hard to find at home a congregation of that size where all were so deeply interested, where God was worshiped so heartily. It did me good.

.

Monday morning we climbed one of these small mountains; the ascent was gradual and beautiful. When we got nearly to the top we could look back down into the valley and see Karuizawa nestling so quietly, so securely.

At the top of the mountain we found a little Japanese village. Such a magnificent outlook as we had! If I could only describe it as I saw it—but you know flowery descriptions are out of my line. I see it, I enjoy it, but I can not describe it. Just as we were entering the village—there was only the one street—we saw two little Japanese girls playing. They paid no attention to us, which astonished me, for foreigners in China always create such a sensation. Not so in Japan. As we came near the little girls they stepped out in front of us, and putting their little hands on their knees bowed low to us, at the same time mumbling out a Japanese greeting. It always interests and amuses me to see these tiny children bowing so profoundly. After a short rest and a full breath of high mountain air we started back, gathering wild flowers as we descended. How I should love to hand you a bunch of these lovely Japanese wild flowers which grow so profusely along the mountain side! We reached home tired from our long ramble, but, oh! so happy, because of the summer we are having.

CHAPTER XIX

A TRIP TO KOMORO

Tuesday we had an excursion on hand to Komoro. This is a place thirteen miles away. There were twenty-five of us in our party. After an early breakfast we fixed up a regular picnic lunch, got our kodak, and walked to the station. Our train left at half past nine o'clock. Our party filled one coach. After a delightful ride through the grandest, most rugged scenery, we reached Komoro at half past ten o'clock. This was just an ordinary Japanese village, but it was not our objective point. We were going to visit a Buddhist monastery which is built away up on the top of a high mountain. The walk to this monastery is said to be three miles, but it seems much longer because it is a rough mountain climb. How I wish I could give you even a faint idea of that ascent, but 'tis simply impossible. We wound around and around, sometimes on a very good road, following the river, which was plunging and dashing along at a terrible rate, reminding us of the rapids above Niagara. It looked deep and dangerous. Finally we came to a narrow place where these progressive imitators had built a suspension bridge—and a pretty good one it was, too—then through beautifully shaded lanes, after a while coming to the real climb. Our path in one place went along the side of the mountain, one or two

hundred feet above the rushing river. The pathway led us continually up, now through short tunnels penetrating the great rocks, now by a narrow ledge high above the rushing water and hugging close the rough side of the mountain. This is the kind of scenery I can not describe. We climbed up, up, up, and round, round, round, until suddenly we saw ahead of us the temple, built right in the side of the mountain away up above us. We took a picture of it, which we will send you. We continued our climb for awhile and when we reached the monastery we were ready to enjoy our lunch, which we had brought with us.

.

Before entering the building we must remove our shoes. Our friends who live in Japan are so accustomed to doing this that they don't mind; in fact, think nothing of it, for they have it to do whenever they enter a Japanese house, but I find it right troublesome. All of these floors were covered with the padded matting. After having our lunch, sitting on the floor, we went on a tour of inspection, and found the room where the gods are kept. We got a snapshot of that, too. I am hoping our pictures will be good, for we want you to have them. After seeing all there was to be seen here we put on our shoes and climbed higher to another smaller temple, peeped in through the bars at the gods, then on up through another tunnel to the top of a high peak; there we found an immense old bell, the tone of which was deep and beautiful. I gathered some wild flowers, which I

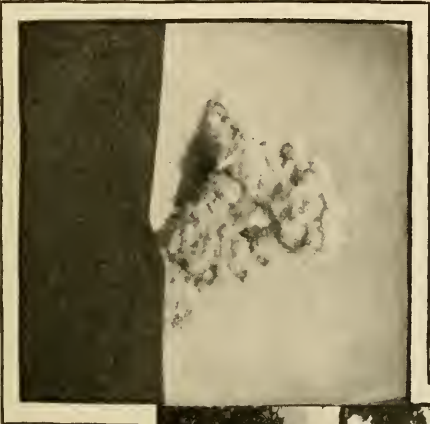
am going to send you. Here we enjoyed a magnificent view, the river flowing like a narrow band thousands of feet below us, the volcano puffing out immense volumes of smoke, and the old monastery back of us. For some time we enjoyed this grand view, then started on our return tramp to the station. Our walk back was by a different road and not so rugged or beautiful. Coming home on the train we were a happy company, singing the popular songs. We were tired from our long tramp, but it was a jolly, happy crowd that left the train at Karuizawa, feeling fully repaid for the trip even if we were weary.

CHAPTER XX

THE ASCENT OF ASAMA-YAMA

I have mentioned several times the great puffs of smoke which we see occasionally rising from the crater of Asama.

The ascent is one of the favorite trips around Karuizawa, so a party was made up. It was decided to make the trip at night, because then it is cooler, and we hoped to see the glow of the lava far down in the crater. So by eight o'clock we started. We rode on little Japanese mountain horses, and each horse was led by a Japanese man. We had to go single file along a narrow path. Those horses! Occasionally the man would let go the rein and allow me to ride alone, but I was always glad for him to come back, for I could in no way persuade my steed to go out of a walk, and that walk would get slower and slower until he was about to stop, then the man would come back and lead him again. The many different gaits which that horse could take without ever going faster than a slow walk was a marvel to me. Finally we reached the foot of the mountain we were to climb. Then we dismounted, had a light lunch, and at just eleven o'clock we started the ascent. I suppose there is no mountain climbing like that of this volcano. The whole mountain is bare of any growth after the first few hundred feet, and the sandy soil makes it very difficult



SMOKE OF ASAMA-YAMA AS
SEEN FROM TOP OF
THE VOLCANO.



MRS. TRAWICK ON
BROW OF MOUNTAIN,
KOMORO, JAPAN.

walking. The moon rose just as we started up, so we did not have to use lanterns at all. It was a long, hard pull up that steep, rugged, yet smooth mountain side, which is 8,280 feet high. The volcano is still active, as we discovered later, but there has been no great eruption since 1783. You know this country is full of volcanoes, but this is the largest active one. After much puffing and blowing and many rests we reached the crater at half past two o'clock, having made the ascent in three hours and a half. The crater is three quarters of a mile across. All night as we climbed we had seen at intervals of about one hour an immense column of smoke come out and majestically sail away, not a cloud to be seen. Once the smoke got between us and the moon and we were left in total darkness for a few moments. Between these bursts of smoke everything would seem quiet.

.

We came up to the very edge of the crater and looked down into the great caldron. The moon was bright enough to show us the smoke and the whitened sides, but not brilliant enough to prevent our seeing the glow from the bottom. This was a time when we did not care to talk, but we stood in silent awe and wonder at the grandeur of it all. In a very few minutes, however, we all moved further around to the west, realizing that should another cloud of smoke come like we had seen three times during the ascent the wind would blow it right over us, which would almost surely mean suffocation. We had just moved around to the safe side, as we

thought, put on our heavy wraps—it was very cold up there—when we heard, instead of the terrible hissing, stewing sound, which is very loud, but which goes on all the time, an awful roaring and rumbling, which made us all turn and run down the side of the mountain. We only ran a few yards, when the great mass of white smoke came pouring out from the crater like I imagine Aladdin's genii must have appeared. We were assured that the wind would take it away from us, which it did, but I tell you it was awful to be so close to it, not more than a dozen yards away. It looked to me like we were bound to be caught in its awful clutches, when the strong wind turned it away and took it directly from us. Before this was gone, however, we heard more rumbling and roaring, much louder and more terrible than at first, and then we saw, thrown high up into the air, with that monstrous grayish white column of smoke for a background, an immense shower of red-hot stones. Of course, we fled from this storm of fire, but it was all over before we could get out of the way, and there we stood, a party of ten, surrounded by those glowing stones, which had fallen with such force as to bury themselves in the sandy soil instead of rolling down the mountain's steep side. Two of our party were standing not six feet apart, and one of these stones, weighing at least one hundred pounds, fell between them. It was a kind Providence which protected us and nothing else, for it was impossible for us to get out of the way before it was all over. If we had not moved from the first position we could not have escaped,

for afterward we went back and found that on that very spot the stones had fallen like hail.

.

The next phase of the situation was ridiculous. As soon as the smoke cleared away and the awful rumble ceased, it was funny to hear the different ones calling for each other. It really was wonderful to see how far some of us had run down that steep place. Three minutes earlier we would have been too tired to even walk slowly and carefully down. Some wanted to go right home instead of waiting to see the sun rise, as we had planned. Finally we decided to sit down under an overhanging rock, where we would be somewhat protected should a larger shower of stones come, and wait for the sunrise, as day was already beginning to break. After we got seated and rested somewhat, some one suggested that we sing. One of the gentlemen, who has a good voice, started "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and I never heard anything more impressive than the mellow sound of the voices of those seven men singing that old hymn, and I am sure it was never sung with more real feeling. After daybreak, but before the sun was up, we concluded to move to a more level place, a little farther down the mountain side, where we could eat our breakfast with more comfort. One must see the sun rise from the top of a high mountain to have any conception of the grandeur of it. You see my supply of adjectives has long since been exhausted—the deep purple of the mountains nearest us, the next range not quite so

deep in tint, then the shades coming on up to a deep orange. You may wonder how the sky could shade from purple to orange, and I can not enlighten you, but all I know is—it did. Away to our left was a Nile green—oh, every color and shade could be found somewhere in that sky. Then in one direction were the beautiful fleecy white clouds lying in soft billows over Karuizawa, and off in the distance could be seen Fuji-Yama, the sacred mountain of the Japanese, a picture of which one nearly always finds on their fans.

After the sun was well up and we had breakfasted we started down the mountain, a rather disheveled crowd, reaching our starting place of the night before just about seven o'clock. Here, after another rest, we mounted our rough ponies and rode back to Karuizawa, and at ten o'clock we reached our little home, tired, dusty, and warm.

CHAPTER XXI

DELIGHTS AT KARUIZAWA OTHER THAN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

In addition to the happy meeting with congenial people we have had several occasions to enjoy the "talent" represented. There seems to be a general recognition of the fact that in our busy, every-day lives most of us here have not had opportunity to enjoy good music and to hear our church services conducted in our good English tongue. Hence those who can do so have united to give us who can't perform some really delightful concerts.

Friday night we went to one of these, and enjoyable it was, too. The first piece on the program was an organ trio, to be played on "baby organs." You would have been surprised to hear the music those three fine musicians got out of those little instruments. I did not think when I was at home that I was particularly fond of music, but out here, where we seldom hear any, it is a perfect delight to me. I actually get homesick for some good music. Only this morning at church the last hymn was "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," sung to "Coronation," and at the last verse the two organists stopped playing, stood and sung with the rest of the congregation, and I could not keep back my tears. You who can be in the big congregation and hear fine music can't

understand this, but when for months one has been deprived of church privileges except a service in a foreign language it is such a treat to attend once more and hear and join in the songs in your own mother-tongue. One of our lady missionaries told me that her first Sunday in America, after being here six years, was spent in San Francisco. She went to church alone, not even knowing of what denomination the church was. She was so overcome by the pipe organ, the big congregation, and fine singing that she sat and cried like a child through the entire service. This concert was very enjoyable then, for it was the first of the kind we had attended since leaving home.

CHAPTER XXII

DOCTOR TRAWICK'S MIST-SOLDIERS

My little sister, did you ever see the clouds come down from over the mountain into your very door? Well, not many nights ago the clouds came down and into our very front door, and they were such strange visitors. I was standing out in front of our little home here watching the mists gather upon the mountain sides. It seemed to me that a white ghost-army was being called together. The wind waited till the "mist ranks" were all arranged, then a blast, and down the mountain passes came the white hosts, bank upon bank, piled high until the very sky was not to be seen. On and on came the silent host until every tree and bush was captured and taken prisoner. Even the near-by mountains were taken away from our sight. As the army came nearer our house the little mist-soldiers seemed to grow wild with eagerness. The winds freshened up, and with another blast down they came upon us, and we, too, were taken prisoners. Then came the mists right in on our front porch, around my feet, then climbed all over your big sister's shoulders and kissed her curly hair. Wasn't that a nice thing for "mist-soldiers" to do? Around and around the imps wandered, sometimes stopping as if dazed and not moving in the rooms until the officers, the winds, called again, and out flew the white visitors and away on down

the valley until, gathering all in one mighty host, they charged a mountain not far away and swept over his rugged old body as though he were no more than a sand-heap. I was so glad to see the little mist spirits, for you have often seen them gathered in little companies away off in the valleys, sometimes camping in the very tree-tops, but always a long way off. Well, this time they came right into our faces, into our room, gathered around the brightly burning lamp and tried hard to capture the light, but it was fine to see how the beams of light which the lamp kept sending out so bravely just penetrated through the crowds of curious mist-soldiers, never once giving up. I have met the clouds often since coming to this place of the "unpronounceable name," but as often as I have seen them and thought with them and heard their moist secrets dropping all around me I have never yet lost interest, nor have they allowed me to grow too familiar. For they seem to have a way of vanishing when I come near. Some time I will write you what I think of thunder and lightning. Do you want to know?

CHAPTER XXIII

LEAVING KARUIZAWA AND A STOP IN A JAPANESE HOTEL IN KYOTO

On the morning of our departure from Karuizawa we were up early, packing and arranging for the trip down to the "ordinary level" of people and events. A happy party we were, as quite a number of our friends went with us to the railway station to see us well started. After all, it is hard to leave a place where one has so thoroughly enjoyed people and surroundings without some little twinges of regret, even though that place has been altogether strange and in the midst of strangers.

It is not necessary to repeat the description of our trip down through the same long succession of tunnels and high bridges.

We arrived in Tokio in the afternoon, took the local train down to Yokohama, there spent the night in a pretty, dainty little "Swiss Hotel," and were up and off after an early breakfast next morning to catch the train for Kyoto. We reached there at nine o'clock at night, dusty and tired from our ride on the train from Yokohama. We found that the friends whom we were to meet here had preceded us, and had found a nice hotel and ordered baths and rooms ready for us. Now, hot baths are one of the joys of the Japanese; cold ones, too, for that matter. They always have in their bath rooms a large wooden

tub in which the water is heated by a peculiar arrangement. A section of pipe, like a joint of stove-pipe, is placed in the back of the tub, so that the water in the tub surrounds the joint. In this a handful of charcoal is placed, and it is remarkable how quickly a big tub of water is thus heated. In their bath rooms they have a stone or tile floor, made with a slight grade, and a drain pipe at the lower side. The process of the bath is this: There is a small foot-tub in which you are supposed to really take your cleansing bath, splashing as much water on this stone floor as you choose. Then, when you are thoroughly free from dirt, you take a "plunge" in this big tub of hot water, out again, rub down with a coarse towel, and pour the water out of the small foot-basin onto the floor. The next person that comes in, be he man or woman, dips some hot water out of the big tub in which you have taken your plunge, takes his or her bath, as the case may be, then plunges into the same big tub of scalding water that you and many, perhaps, before you have used in the same way, and so it goes on all day long. Miss G. said there were no other guests in the hotel besides us, and she had tried to keep the baths just for us. Nevertheless, none of our party ventured into the big tub, yet we had to fill our small tub from it. Well, we had our baths, hoping no one had taken a plunge.

.
When my time came I came downstairs in my silk bathrobe and slippers. The little Jap maid met me at the foot of the stairs to show me the way to the bath. I

had to go across the courtyard. Now, it is just as improper to go out into the courtyard, which is as clean as a floor, without shoes as it is to wear shoes in the house, so this girl tried to put a pair of Japanese gaiters on me, like those I sent you. To put that little strap between my big toe and my second toe and then try to walk about thirty feet on those high things was too funny. I had to have a Japanese girl on each side of me to help me along. I laughed and so did they, although we could not say one word to each other, for I did not know Japanese, nor did they know English. Finally I finished my bath, and a delightfully refreshing one, too, and on returning to my room I found the bed all fixed. When I left the room it was perfectly empty but for two small tables about ten inches high and a few leather cushions on the floor on which to sit. During my absence the maid had brought from the closet the heavy mattress, put it in the middle of the floor, put on sheets and comforts, then had tied a mosquito net up over the whole. The net was made with a square top, the four corners of which were tied to screws in the ceiling, which are only about seven feet high. The nets are made of green, only much heavier than the kind we use at home.

.
Doctor Trawick's bath was funny. When he went down he found a Japanese girl in "nature's garb" just finishing her bath. She deliberately and quietly left the room by one door as he went in by the other, and a man came in by the same door she had just

passed out, to fix the Doctor's bath for him. Very sociable these people are.

Thursday morning we began to make our toilet, but soon discovered that such a thing as a washstand was unheard of in Japan; the Japanese wash their faces at a kind of table by the well, using little brass wash-basins. Doctor Trawick went down to the well with the "crowd." When he came back he asked me if I had noticed the noise of splashing water which had been going on for some few minutes. I said I had, and wondered what it was. He replied: "There is a man down by the well in an almost nude state. He draws a bucket of water from the well, pours it on his head, letting it run down over his shoulders, then another and another, repeating the operation—a kind of primitive shower bath, see?" Well, I was glad I had my basin in my own room, for it would have been all the same had I been there. By the time we had finished our toilets the bed had been removed and we were ready for breakfast. They had our breakfast of foreign food sent in from a restaurant, and served it to us from little tables as we sat Jap-like on the soft matting on the floor. There were six of us in our party, and after breakfast we started out in double rickshaws sight-seeing. First we went to see some fine embroidery. Oh, it was magnificent! They had bedspreads of satin embroidered all over, one in olive green, one in pink and yellow chrysanthemums, and I think he only asked fifty-five yen for it. Those silks, my, how elegant! One of our party bought a white corded wash silk, very heavy

and beautiful, enough for a shirt-waist, for less than two yen, I think, but I have forgotten the exact price. The silks and crepes were, oh, so beautiful. They had pictures, copies of water-colors, embroidered so beautifully that ten feet away one could not tell whether they were painted or embroidered. A cat's head on one was perfect.

.

After leaving there we went to the factory where they make cloisonné. This cloisonné is made entirely by hand, and they sometimes spend years on one piece. The article is first made of silver or copper, or even gold; then the design is drawn on it, after which this is put on in gold or silver flat wire, tiniest pieces at a time. You just can't imagine anything as delicate as this work. It is all done in a small room about fifteen by sixteen feet, with a little table in front of the worker on which he keeps his materials. This wire is kept in place by a mucilage put on by the tiniest brush before the wire is placed. After the design in wire is all finished another man takes it and puts the colors on, which look like powder. He wets a sharp little instrument and dips it into the powder, then proceeds to fill up each tiny space between the wires with the color desired; this is, of course, very delicate and tedious work, and after it is done the piece is fired. I do not know how many times each piece is fired, but at last it is highly polished with a stone. They have ten different kinds of stones with which they polish one piece, using the stones in regular order. Now you can have

some idea why cloisonné is so awfully expensive. Even if you have always admired it much, you will do so more when you see them making it. We next went to see the damascene goods. This place was even smaller than where the cloisonné was made—a small, dirty room with about a half dozen men at work. This work I was not familiar with, at least by that name. Cigar cases, belt buckles, card cases, jewelry boxes, etc., are made. The foundation is iron; this is shaped, then with a small, sharp instrument and a tiny hammer very fine file-like grooves are cut in four different directions. The design is then laid on the vase in gold or silver wire; these wires are hammered into place, and the background then filled in with black lacquer. This is fine, delicate, beautiful work; you can have no idea of it until you see it made. It is entirely different in appearance from cloisonné, but some prefer it. Then we went to see them make some very fine porcelain, which was decorated entirely by hand. Human labor is so much cheaper than machinery that nearly everything is done by hand. We went in the afternoon to visit some temples, which I will tell you about in my next letter.

CHAPTER XXIV

VISITS TO TEMPLES IN KYOTO

A very pleasant day in Kyoto was spent in seeing the temples there. First we went to a Buddhist temple that had been destroyed by fire and rebuilt in the early sixties; the people all contributed to the rebuilding of this immense structure. The coolies, who had no money, felt it would be even more acceptable to the gods if they would give lumber or stone rather than money; the women gave their hair, out of which a rope was made, and it was used in the building of the temple. We saw a part of this rope, which was said to be three hundred feet long; it was about five or six inches in diameter, and it was plain that it really was made of hair. Of course, off came our shoes when we entered this temple. After seeing and examining this rope made of women's hair we went around to another gate and entered the main building, putting on our shoes while walking through the outside, removing them on entering. The entire floor of this immense building is covered with padded matting. This was made in sections about four by six feet, bound around the four edges so it could be taken up and brushed well and then relaid without tacking. Gods, altar place, decorations, and all are gilded with a covering of gold; even the ceiling is of gold.

While we stood looking we saw two or three Japanese come in, kneel down, sit back on their feet, throw a piece of money on the floor, then clasp their hands inside of a bracelet made of beads, then mumble their prayers, bow their heads to the floor, say more prayers, bow again, and so on. Some stayed much longer than others. We tried to take a picture of it, but as soon as we took out our kodak a priest came running to us and said: "No pictures allowed." One old priest went around with a wooden arrangement made like a dust-pan and picked up the money. There were three large rooms, very similar in appearance, where the people went to pray, besides many, many other rooms where the priests live or attend to business of all kinds. We went from this large temple to one much smaller, where there was an immense "Diabutsu." This is a large Buddha like we see pictures of so much. This one was fifty feet high, a hideous thing, built of wood and then painted. We walked up on a platform behind it and saw the framework; the back was not even planked up, hollow and superficial, like their religion. How these people, who are so remarkably progressive and intelligent, can worship a thing that they have made themselves and painted and set up is beyond my comprehension. After leaving this place we stopped at the entrance to buy some ice lemonade, so-called, and it will be a wonder if we are not all full of microbes from the quantity of that stuff we drank.

On our way from the temple we passed a large grass-covered mound, on top of which was a stone monument,

on which was carved the character meaning "ear." We were told that several hundred years ago, when the Japanese invaded Korea, they cut off all the ears of their prisoners and buried them there, making this mound and erecting this monument to commemorate the deed. We next visited a very old temple, where they claim to have 333,000 gods. We saw rows and rows of them standing on tiers, all just alike, and on walking around them through a back passage we came across the place where they sold prayers. Now, you have read of this being done in heathen countries, but this is the first time we have really seen it done. By this time our feet were sore and blistered from walking in our stockings without shoes. We came out, put on our shoes, and went for a long ride out to the palace grounds. We could not see the palace, for it is concealed from the public view by a high brick wall, but the broad streets leading to it, with great parks on each side, were beautiful to us after the narrow, filthy streets of China.

.
We returned to our hotel just in time for supper; this, we decided, should be a fit ending to a delightfully happy day, so we ordered a Japanese supper instead of our usual foreign meal. This was to be served to us on the house-top, on a small platform, or as we called it, "roof garden." The supper was brought, each person's on a separate tiny lacquered table—a bowl of rice, a plate with small fish, which looked like sardines, but were fresh fish nicely cooked; a dish of pickle (this was awful);

sweet potatoes boiled in their jackets, and a dish of something that smelled terribly and tasted worse. This we supplemented with baker's bread, jam, and butter. The chop-sticks are brought in to you in an envelope, the two sticks together and stamped on the end so that you may know they are new, never having been used; I am sending you a pair. When you break them apart you will find a toothpick in the groove made for it between the sticks. We had this jollification on the housetop with a Japanese lantern to furnish the light, "muchly" assisted by the moon, which was full that night.

After supper we started out to see Kyoto by electric light, going first to what was evidently the main street of the town. My, what a sight it was! The streets crowded like the Midway; fakirs on every side. We first visited a bazaar which was something like our five-and-ten-cent stores in Louisville, only prices vary. Here one can buy most anything; we invested in some envelopes, blank books, and pencils. Farther down the street we came to a skating rink and "merry-go-round." The skates were made by putting a pair of little wheels on a Japanese shoe or gaiter; the wheels were put on opposite sides instead of at toe and heel, and the floor was slightly inclined. Of course there were all kinds of skaters. There was the trick skater, who did it so easily and beautifully that others were induced to try, and would find to their dismay that it was anything but an easy thing to do. We strolled on and on, seeing sights novel indeed, finally returning to our hotel. When I came

downstairs that night for my bath the little Japanese girl was waiting for me, and when she saw I was unwilling to risk limb or life on those little Japanese shoes she backed up to me, motioning for me to get on her back and she would carry me across the court, but I declined with thanks and put on my slippers, which could be easily removed. The next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we boarded the train and in a few hours reached Kobé.

CHAPTER XXV

A VISIT TO THE "RED CROSS HOSPITAL" AT TOKIO

One of the surest signs of substantial progress of the Japanese is the establishing and maintaining by native resources of hospitals and infirmaries.

It seems to be true that the "Red Cross Society" and its workings have secured a firm hold on the "fad" instincts of the people. The Empress herself is a great enthusiast, and of course the imperial patronage insures for the movement the support and interest of the people.

The hospital we visited is beautifully situated about three miles out of the city on a little elevation, giving it fine surroundings and insuring pure air and plenty of sunshine.

As we came up the driveway approaching the hospital we were impressed with the size of the well-built brick structure, modern in its architecture. In the ornamentation of the front of the building was a large red cross, the badge, you know, of the organization the world over. This badge was placed high up over a sort of portico. As we entered the hospital we noticed the nurses, all Japanese women, dressed in the regulation nurses' costume, with queer-looking high white caps. These nurses seemed to be constantly coming and going, busy as little ants; the patients were coming into the daily clinic or dispensary. The attendance at this daily

clinic is very large, and I noticed particularly that the class of patients here seen did not look like that ordinarily seen in our free dispensaries at home. They seemed, with a few exceptions, to be of a really respectable class, nicely dressed, quiet in their manners. I was very much interested in watching them as they came in and took their seats near the rooms in which their ailments would be treated. Soon a nice-looking Japanese doctor, who spoke English, came and politely offered himself as our guide through the hospital. He showed us first through the different parlors and reception rooms of the main building, up a broad stairway to the second story, where were parlors and anatomical museum and the Empress's own reception room. This last was elegantly carpeted and fitted with handsome chairs, settees, etc. On the wall over a beautiful marble fireplace was a large full-length oil portrait of the Empress. That room is supposed to be entered by that celebrity and her attendants only, hence the purple cords stretched across the door barring the entrance of just ordinary sight-seers.

.

Looking out from the second story we could see the architectural arrangement of the wards. Like a huge U, a passageway started at one side from the rear of the main building; down this passageway we walked to see the different wards opening from it. The patients were divided into as many as five different classes, according to the rate they were able to pay. The different classes were each in separate wards, each ward being separated

from the other by perhaps fifty feet of lawn, covered with grass and ferns and palms. All the way around this long passageway we walked, on the one side passing the different wards filled with patients and on the other looking out on a court beautiful with landscape art of the Japanese—palms and water ferns and rocks and flowers. On one side of the U are the wards given up to surgical patients, on the other those suffering from other troubles. The base of the U is occupied by operating rooms devoted to operations on abdomen alone. The twenty-eight internes have all they can look after, and there is plenty of good, hard work to keep the three hundred nurses busy. During the China-Japan War this hospital was used for soldiers, and not only were the wards filled and every bed taken, but the long passageways were utilized, the sick and wounded lying side by side along the floor.

There is attached to this hospital a free dispensary, which we could see just outside the lawn surrounding the main hospital. We were very much interested to see their complete arrangements for operations. The operating rooms—three—large, well-lighted, and clean, were as thorough in their appointments and furnishings as one would expect to find in our best hospitals in America. During the recent trouble in Peking, China, the Red Cross was seen everywhere, and it seemed to those who looked on, as the Japanese soldiers were sent out to China, that the Red Cross was as prominent almost as the national flag, the large red sun on a white background.

CHAPTER XXVI

A FEW QUEER SIGNS CAUGHT ON THE RUN

These Japanese people seem to be the greatest "fad" fanciers under the sun. Hence one does not have to be long in the country to be impressed with their superficial ways. One of the most noticeable evidences of their desire to affect "English" is the promiscuous use of "English as she is spoke and writ" (in Japan). Some of their attempts at English idiom are most laughable. The signs we see over shop doors and painted in shop windows form one of the most amusing diversions to a tourist "doing" Japan. At every station along the railway we see the name of the station painted on a large board, both in Japanese and English. This is a great convenience, and fortunate for the English there is but one word to be spelled—but just glance around. There by a stairway leading up and across the railway to the other side we see "Passengers alighted here cross the bridge to the other side." Speaking of railroads, you remember we wrote you of the tunnels on the way to Karuizawa. The grade in some parts is very steep, and altogether it is a portion of the road over which trains must pass very carefully. It seemed, however, that one train did not get through safely. Read the following notice, which appeared in an English morning paper, signed by a Japanese:

“A train on the S—— section of Nippon Railway Company left Takasaki on the 13th at 7 p. m. and advanced to very sharp inclination of Usui Hill [this is the pass through which the tunnels are cut] and after twenty more tunnels were passed an accident was found in the locomotive engine which was blowing up the steam pipe, when the said train was passed about seven-tenths of No. 26 tunnels, the last one on having lost steam power, the said train began to go behind along the inclination, and after then the engine exploded; two engineers blown out of the locomotive, one of whom lost his sense, while another got bruised.”

I give this just as it appeared, with the exception of the parenthesis which I inserted about Usui pass. The punctuation is almost as startling as the rhetoric.

.

We had many modern conveniences in Karuizawa, not the least important of which were three tailors. These men had evidently formed a partnership for the season, and announced the same by a very unique method. A board was tacked up on a post by the roadside, on which was written, evidently with a Japanese brush:

“Each one of this above tailors was working separately until last summer, but we have annexed this year on the purpose of the economic so we can comply much order and enable to give quite satisfaction to our customers. We are very glad to have much order as usually.”

In Kyoto we saw many strange and interesting signs. “The manufacturer and leader on Yanizori,” was the an-

nouncement made by one shop. The letters were placed on the signboard with the evident intention of saving space, as close together, one right after the other, as they could be placed. In the large bazaar we found envelopes labeled: "The envelope manufactured and soled." This was a new brand to us, no doubt the genuine article.

In the temple of the thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three Buddhas, after entering the repulsive, dark, barn-like structure, we saw the idols arranged tier upon tier in long rows, but were forbidden too close inspection of them by the sign :

"All visitors are prohibited to get up to this stages." So we contented ourselves with following the well-worn paths of the "great unwashed throng."

In our rickshaw rides through Tokio our appetites were more than once whetted by some signs on shop windows. One offered: "Modified Cow's Milk for Invalids and Children, the Scientific Food." Another sold: "Tea, Coffee, Bier, Brandy, Chocolate & Confectionaly." There were signs and signs, but after all the one most clearly read on every side was "Progress," for these people are eagerly grasping everything which has a tinge even of "Westernism" in it. On land and on sea we note their steps. Even now who can foretell the future of this little people?

CHAPTER XXVII

AT NAGASAKI ON THE RETURN TO CHINA

To one first coming into any of the harbors of Japan, the "sampan" that crowd around the steamer are ever interesting. They are little boats shaped very much like a Venetian gondola, only flat on the bottom, and are quite long, twelve or fourteen feet. There is a tiny cabin in the center, in which I could not begin to stand straight, with only a straw mat on the floor, on which we must sit Japanese fashion. The boat is worked by a man with a flat oar at the stern. He stands up and works it with very nearly the same motion that the Chinese use on their boats. On a great body of water like the Nagasaki harbor these tiny shells rock dreadfully. There are hundreds of these boats loafing around every steamer in the harbor, hunting a job. We called a sampan and went ashore at ten o'clock to mail our letters and "do" Nagasaki.

We took jinrickshaws to the temple, where we were told there was a famous bronze horse. We rode and rode and rode. I had no idea Nagasaki was such a big place; thought it only a coaling station, but I was mistaken. Finally we reached the entrance to the temple. Nagasaki is surrounded by mountains, and this temple is on quite a prominence. We started to climb up the broad stone steps; there must be two hundred of them.

After passing under the first stone temple arch, called Torii—there is always one of these arches placed at the entrance to a temple, or even to a tiny shrine—the columns of which must have measured four feet in diameter, and one made of bronze, our attention was attracted by hearing a girl's voice calling to us, "Please come in—please come inside and see a dance and have some tea."

We did not accept her invitation, but passed on up the steps and under the second arch, which was of stone. Here we met with a similar invitation—"Please come inside, see a dance and have some tea." We found that there were tea-houses all along on both sides of the broad stone stairway, and these girls had learned these few words in English, and they used them to urge every foreigner who came that way to "please come in." After passing under six stone arches, which must have been thirty feet high, we reached the top of this long flight of stairs. On entering the courtyard of the temple we saw the famous bronze horse. Well! it may be a horse or it may be most any other four-footed animal. It is about the size of our little street-car mule, and looks like it had all the ailments to which horseflesh is heir, especially in its legs. Why this terrible-looking beast is so world-renowned I am sure is beyond even my imagination, unless it is because of its exceedingly rare qualities, which there is no doubt it possesses.

However, if we were disappointed in the beauty of the bronze horse we were fully repaid by the magnificent

view we had from this high point of Nagasaki and the harbor. Nagasaki harbor is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world, and certainly it must be. The entrance to the harbor is quite long and narrow. After passing through this we came out into an immense circular harbor, surrounded on all sides, except the entrance, by immense mountain peaks. My forte is not in describing magnificent scenery, so I will not attempt this. After enjoying this grand view we descended once more to earth, got into our jinrickshaws and started back to our steamer, stopping by the way to buy some lovely Japanese rice-bowls with tops, to take home with us, as such as these can not be bought in China. We reached our steamer just in time for tiffin, rested in the afternoon, and after dinner went up on deck to enjoy the bustle and hurry which always precedes the departure of a vessel. We were all dreading the trip over the China Sea because of its peculiar swell, and it is usually rough sailing, but strange to say we have had it delightfully smooth and beautiful and are hoping to reach Shanghai without encountering any rough weather.



THE HOME OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SOME CHINESE CALLERS AND THEIR PECULIARITIES

On reaching Soochow after our stop of two days in Shanghai, we found our home all nicely put in order and as cozy as any home out here, we think.

Soon after getting everything arranged I was thrown into consternation by the announcement made by my amah that Mrs. Zee and her daughter (two Chinese ladies) were coming to call. What was I to do? I could not speak to them nor could they talk to me. I rushed upstairs and hastily wrote a note to my good little Chinese friend, Miss Dzung, to please come and help me. You see the Chinese that I know is all housekeeping talk, and not at all the polite language of society, which is entirely different. Well, when I went downstairs I found the two Chinese ladies, their amahs and my amah. Mrs. Zee, the mother, was dressed in black grenadine made over dark blue silk; her hair was elaborately ornamented with pearls. She had on fourteen bracelets, seven on each arm, all different kinds, from heavy gold bands to thin silver ones. Jade bracelets are worn a great deal and are very elegant; the Olga Nethersole bracelet, which was such a fad at home a few years ago, has been worn here for hundreds of years.

The younger was about the prettiest Chinese woman I have seen. Her eyes were quite expressive and

very pretty. Of course, they were both painted and powdered, and their nails were fully an inch long. The married women shave the hair just across the forehead, then have a thin fringe of bangs; the hair is perfectly straight and black; they all think my wavy, curly hair very strange. These ladies felt of it and said "It is like a hat." It was pompadoured and down on my forehead on one side, while theirs is kept as slick as they can make it with oil. They examined my dress and said, "It is silk," then lifted up the drop-skirt and commented on the light blue lining. Under this lining they discovered my light blue petticoat trimmed in white lace, all of which was "queer, strange."

When they had finished commenting on my apparel they asked to go upstairs. The amah had told them that I was a "new-comer" and did not speak Chinese, so when I would speak to my amah or ask her questions they would laugh and repeat my remark, which of course was very embarrassing to me, for my Chinese is nothing to be proud of, and I did not know but that they were laughing at my pronunciation. When they asked to go upstairs I found it very convenient not to understand. Of course I did understand; I looked blank, but they insisted, and finally the mother took hold of my hand, pointed up the steps and led me to them, so I could do nothing but take them up. It is not always safe to take them upstairs when our silver toilet articles are scattered around or our nice pins in the tray. There are so many amahs and "hangers-on," and the aristocracy themselves

are not always free from that disease known as kleptomania. I took them into our cozy, pretty little library and asked them to be seated, while my amah brought tea and served it. By this time my friend, Miss Dzung, arrived, and I was somewhat relieved, for she acted as interpreter. After drinking tea they arose, as I supposed, to go, but I was mistaken, for they only wished to continue their tour of inspection. They went into our bed room, examined the silver on my dresser, the spread on my bed, then to the bath room, commenting particularly on the bath-tub. They do not use that article sufficiently often for it to be familiar to them.

Finally they left, after complimenting and flattering me in the most approved style, admiring my diamond rings and asking the history of my wedding ring. They even commented on my teeth when I laughed, which I did continually, it was all so funny to me. Then they remarked that I must have a very happy, pleasant disposition, I laughed so much. Finally, after a call lasting one hour, my Chinese ladies left.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOME ARTICLES ON THE BILL OF FARE OF THE CHINESE

You suggest that I give you some recipes for Chinese cooking. This is almost impossible, for they have not the same things that we have; however, I will try to tell you of a few dishes which may be interesting. As you know, rice is the principal article of food for rich and poor, old and young. It looks strange to see a tiny Chinese baby; one in America the same age would be lying in its dainty crib, fed by a nurse or its mother, while this little Chinaman is trying to feed himself his own rice with a tiny pair of chop-sticks. The people in this section of China eat very little bread—rice takes its place; there is no bread like ours eaten by them. The way they eat rice with chop-sticks is to hold a bowl of rice in the left hand up to the mouth like a cup and with chop-sticks in the right hand—elbows out—literally shove it into the mouth. A Chinaman can eat three bowls full while a foreigner is getting through with one. There are two qualities of rice—the white, like we have at home, and the yellow. The latter is the food of the poorer classes, as it is cheaper. They eat a great deal of meat, and it is generally deliciously prepared. They cook a fowl just to the point when it can be brought to the table whole, yet can be “carved” with a pair of chop-sticks, and it is juicy and nice. They use a vegetable oil (bean

oil they call it) a great deal for frying purposes—in fact, they use it entirely, when we would use either lard or butter. At an ordinary meal for a family in moderate circumstances they have, besides rice, from two to five other dishes. Our own Chinese tiffins, which we have occasionally prepared for us, will consist of four or five dishes, usually a fish served whole, from which we pick off bits just as we want them, each person with his own chop-sticks; there is never an extra pair with the dish. Then there will be eggs cooked in various ways; one favorite way is an omelet with finely chopped meat put on top. A slice of this is lifted up with your chop-sticks, put on top of your bowl of rice, then your “bit” of fish on top of that. Then for another dish they usually have “tsay”—anything like cabbage, lettuce, greens, beans, or peas is called “tsay.” They have many kinds of “tsay” which we never have in America. This is cooked in bean oil—of course.

Each kind of “tsay” has its own peculiar flavor. Another dish, a meat of which they are very fond, is a kind of hash with little or no gravy. The meat is cut like potatoes when cut to fry “shoe-strings,” instead of like our usual way of making hash; this is seasoned with oil. They have many kinds of oil with which they season things, and they use little or no pepper. Boiled “meat-balls” is another favorite dish, and very nice they are. If soup is used they all reach into the same big bowl with a peculiar little china spoon which is given to each person. I do not recall a single vegetable on a

Chinese table that we have at home. The Chinese raise these vegetables, but entirely for foreigners; they do not eat them themselves. Their fruits, too, are entirely different from ours. They have peaches, but they are not just like our "home peaches." The pears are beautiful to look upon and are juicy, but have no taste and are hard, never mellow like those we have always been accustomed to see at home. Their persimmons, which are ripe now instead of after frost, are large and red and look like a tomato. The grapes are like California grapes, and are really very nice. I said I had never seen any familiar vegetable on a Chinese table; I was mistaken—they eat cucumbers, but not like we do. In early spring we see the children on the streets, tiny tots three or four years old, eating immense cucumbers eight or ten inches long, peel and all, as they would an apple. Think of it! One mouthful would kill an American child of that age. The Chinese consider cucumbers a great delicacy, and, really, they are as nice and crisp here as we find them at home.

CHAPTER XXX

A REAL CHINESE FEAST IN THE HOME OF A FRIEND

Recently, with several ladies of our Mission, I was invited to a feast at a friend's home in the city. All of us went in chairs. We had to go quite a long distance through the crowded street, but everything makes way for sedan chairs. It is the safest thing to do, for the chair-bearers don't mind running into people and knocking them down.

After a ride of half an hour we came to a broad opening like a stable door, right on the principal business street of the city. The chairs were carried in through this large door and on through two large rooms with stone floors. In the second room the chairs were set down and we got out. We were led through an open court into a large room, one side of which was entirely open; in this room our hostess met us; she is a daughter-in-law. The sons always live at home with their parents, each bringing his wife or wives, as the case may be, so sometimes there are a hundred people in one house, counting servants. This family consisted only of the parents, their two sons and their families.

The room where we were met by our hostess was the conventional Chinese reception room. In the center of this room was a foreign extension dining table, with a tablecloth which looked more like a sheet. You know

the Chinese do not use tablecloths, so this was out of compliment to us. We were asked to be seated, and were immediately served with the usual sweets, water-melon seed, etc., with tea; in each bowl of tea was a full-blown rose and tea leaves. The mother-in-law and sister-in-law came in and joined us. Here we sat and ate while the Chinese women smoked—all using the same pipe, passing it from one to another. After an hour spent in this way we were invited upstairs to the bed room of our hostess.

We passed through several courts and stone-paved rooms, finally coming to a very steep flight of stairs, up which we pulled ourselves. The house was very neat and clean, something quite unusual for a Chinese house, but oh, so unattractive. These poor Chinese women have no idea of a happy home life. Without extensive changes foreigners can not live in a native Chinese house with any comfort. While we were seated in the bed room the servants brought us the sweets and tea which we had left downstairs. You are constantly pursued with that tea—it is carried around after you; wherever you stop, the sweets and tea soon follow. By this time we were getting restless and anxious for the feast to begin.

It was now one o'clock and we had been there since half past eleven. Finally we were invited downstairs, making one more stop before being taken into the dining room. I need not go into details about this menu, for they are all more or less alike—shark's fins, pigeon eggs,

sea slugs, ducks' tongues, spinal cords, liver, ham, crabs. They always have such quantities that there is very little opportunity for variety at the different feasts. We do not have rice at a feast until everything else is served, so we can't put things on the rice as we do at our ordinary Chinese meal. There are no plates usually, but at this feast we had tiny plates about like a bread-and-butter plate at home.

Our hostess kept insisting upon my being served more bountifully, and I would tell her in Chinese that I did not care for any more—I had plenty. That was all I said, but I was continually repeating it, for she was constantly wishing me to have more. Finally she looked at me and said that I certainly was very smart; that I could talk Chinese all the time, and I was such a new-comer. When I got home from that feast I was worn to a frazzle.

CHAPTER XXXI

A DINNER GIVEN TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL, HIS EXCEL- LENCY THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE, AND OTHER OFFICIALS

We are not altogether guilty of taking from the Chinese and returning nothing.

We have just given a large dinner, rather remarkable for the friendliness it shows exists between the highest officials here and the foreigners.

The dinner was given at the home of one of the doctors. The American Consul-general and his wife came from Shanghai. Then we invited the Governor of this province—he is Governor over 20,000,000 people—the Provincial Treasurer, the Judge, and the Grain Commissioner. There were two “interpreters” also. First let me describe the decorations. We banked the mantels in both parlor and dining room with chrysanthemums—these two rooms are connected with sliding doors. In the middle of the table we made a center-piece of pure white ones, then put brilliant red dahlias in vases; every vase was filled, until the house was a mass of beautiful flowers. The dinner was elegant and served beautifully.

The company was invited for one o'clock. In a short time we heard a gong on the street, then the large gates were thrown open and a perfect mob—so it seemed to me—came streaming in; men with tall felt hats, others



DR. TRAWICK. MRS. TRAWICK. MRS. GOODNOUGH. DR. ANNIE FEARN. DR. MARGARET POLK. DR. FEARN.
CONSUL GOODNOUGH'S INTERPRETER. GOVERNOR'S INTERPRETER. GRAIN COMMISSIONER. GOVERNOR. CONSUL GOODNOUGH. TREASURER

dressed in red, all wearing queer hats, then a man carrying an immense red cotton umbrella with a ruffle fully eight inches deep all around the edge.

Finally a green sedan chair was brought in by four men, which is used only by the officials; in this chair was the Provincial Treasurer. The official or mandarin dress is different from the dress of the common people. The officials all wear a long silk coat which reaches to the ankles and buttons straight down the front instead of at the side, as the ordinary gown of the common people does. There is a square, measuring about a foot, elaborately embroidered on both back and front of this gown. Around the neck is a string of coral, jade, and wooden beads as large as small marbles. On the head is a peculiar style of turban with wide turned-up brim; right in the middle of the crown is a ball or "button" about an inch and a half in diameter, of coral, glass, gold, etc., depending on the rank of the wearer. This knob also fastens to the hats of the very high officials a stiff brush of black bristles about a foot long—this stands straight out behind; the Governor has in the middle of these bristles a peacock feather, which is a mark of very high rank. Soon after the arrival of the Treasurer came the Governor and the rest of the invited guests. Of course, the former had still more of a mob in front of his sedan chair. These officials are great for "shoddy show." Think of this man, Governor over twenty million people, with all of this pomp and show, yet his runners were like street Arabs, dirty as could be. The uniforms worn by his retinue

were made of the coarsest cotton and far from clean, and absolutely no law nor order about the way they marched. There is not the least suggestion of military order about anything they do, not even in the drilling of the soldiers; but that is another story, which will fill another letter. We then went in to dinner. I shall not bore you with our menu—suffice it to say it was all foreign food prepared by a Chinese cook by foreign recipes, and was twelve courses. During the last course one of the servants brought in three packages to the Governor. He presented one to each of the ladies, Mrs. Fearn, Dr. Margaret Polk, and myself. They were all alike, each a package of Chinese confections, a very rare kind. His fourth son married a few days ago, and this was some of the candy presented to him by his new daughter-in-law.

Now, a Chinese wedding is another interesting event I want to write you about when I have the time. So many queer, interesting things come up in my life almost every day that I want to write you about, but it takes time. After dinner we went out to the side veranda, where there was one of those automatic swings. These officials had never seen anything of the kind, and we persuaded two of them to try it. How I did wish for a good light so I could take some pictures for you, but as usual the sun refused to shine. All of this time the yard was filled with the “hangers-on” gazing at us. Finally they took their departure.

CHAPTER XXXII

A TRAGEDY IN THE HOSPITAL—EXPERIENCES WITH AN EPIDEMIC

Some of the disappointments met with in dealing with patients are severe at times. The story of the doings in the hospital is not a history of all joy and no "set-backs."

Let me tell you of an interesting tragedy that occurred a few days ago. Doctor Trawick was called to the city governor's headquarters to see a man who had stabbed himself in the abdomen three times. The man was a young soldier, who had tried to end his miserable existence by suicide. The Doctor had to have four men hold him by main force, so determined was he not to allow anything to be done to restore him. The family had refused to allow him to come to the hospital, so the Doctor had to sew up those awful wounds there in that dirty Chinese house. The man was lying on two planks in a miserable, low, filthy room. The boy resisted him at every move, but the Doctor persevered, and finally had him sewed up and comparatively comfortable. The next day they brought him to the hospital—exasperating, wasn't it? For it could all have been done with so much less trouble there if they had brought him right away. Two men were set to watch him, for he was demented partially, and was determined to take his own life. These poor, unhappy people try to end all by the suicide route very often. In

a short while the wound healed, and the boy made rapid recovery; in fact, was about well, was walking around the hospital grounds attended constantly by two men. About three o'clock one afternoon one of the hospital boys came rushing over to our house; he was as white as a Chinaman ever gets to be, and called upstairs in Chinese something which I could not understand. He usually speaks English—is very proud of his ability in that line—but in his excitement he resorted to his mother-tongue. Doctor Trawick picked up his hat and ran, while I went out and hung over the banister to call after him “What is the matter?”

He called back, “My soldier boy has hanged himself!” and was off in a hurry, reaching the boy three or four minutes after the messenger came. It seems that the soldier had persuaded one of the attendants to leave him for a little while—the other one was off duty for the afternoon—so while he was left unattended he went underneath one of the verandas, which is about four feet from the ground, took his silk belt, which all Chinamen wear, put it up through the crack between the planks, down through another, tied it around his neck, then, as he was so close to the ground he could not even stand up straight, he lifted his feet up and held himself in a kneeling position just a few inches from the ground until he was dead; one of the students discovered him after he was cold. In a few minutes every Chinese man, woman, and child in the neighborhood was there, and such a racket as they did keep up! All talking at once: “How strange, after the

foreign doctor had sewed up those three awful wounds and he was about well, he should hang himself!" So it goes—it seems that if a man wants to shuffle off this mortal coil he might as well be allowed to do so first as last. If that is his desire he certainly will accomplish it sooner or later. This was the third attempt this man had made on his life.

.
During the late winter and early spring there was almost an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria, followed by cholera in the summer. Twenty thousand Chinese were swept away, but not a missionary had any serious illness even. During the epidemic of cholera Doctor Trawick and I were almost the only foreigners in Soochow, and a part of the time he was the only physician. He was called one day to see a family, consisting of the old father, his *two* wives, a daughter-in-law, and her two children. The only son was away at school. The father and one little granddaughter were the only ones left of those who were at home. The old father immediately notified his son of the death of his wife, and at the same time informed him that he must get another wife, for he was the only son, and the grandchild who survives is "*nothing but a girl.*" Hence the son can not afford to lose any time in taking unto himself another wife, who will be expected to present the grandfather with a grandson at the earliest possible date. All the plans have been completed, and the son is to marry again within thirty days. Such is matrimony in this heathen land.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A RECEPTION TO THE LADIES OF SOOCHOW, AND SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS

During the last few days all the ladies of our Mission have been devising ways to interest the Chinese ladies in a project that promises much to the poor, limited women, who have very few opportunities for education or social life.

The ladies interested in building the new school for higher-class Chinese girls issued invitations to all of the most aristocratic Chinese families they knew. This invitation was in Chinese, but it asked the ladies to come on the following Monday to Dr. Polk's residence. I do not know just how the invitation read, but I do know what the object of it was. We wanted to get the better class of Chinese interested in our Laura Haygood School, which we will establish in Soochow. There is always such a retinue of servants with each family. The guests were expected at three o'clock; I sent my amah at one o'clock, so she could help in the preparation before the company arrived.

At two o'clock she returned to tell me that a great many of the guests had come and I must go right over. I said, "Very well, I will go over in a few minutes." Then she decided to wait for me—she is very particular to have me do the correct thing from a Chinese standpoint, one of

which is "Never go out without your amah." So she invariably "tags" after me if she sees me start out alone. Well! The ladies were needing her services and I saw she was not going without me—I had to go just as I was, in my tan Eton suit with white shirt-waist. I very much wanted to "dress up," for the Chinese certainly do appreciate pretty clothes and fine material; especially do they like handsome silk or velvet. When I arrived I found my friend, Mrs. Wang, just getting out of her sedan chair, so I waited for her and helped her to walk in, her poor little feet being so hard to walk on. She is the lady at whose house we had the feast a few weeks ago, and is very pretty, one of the few Chinese beauties I have seen. We went into the parlor, where we were received by the ladies and served to cake and tea. Her sister-in-law was with her, and was dressed in elegant dark blue velvet, trimmed in light blue satin. After a little while I went across the street to the chapel, a temporary one in the hospital annex; here the ladies were expected to come after having tea. Several missionaries were entertaining them with picture-books, just as one would entertain a lot of children.

I never saw just such a sight as that room presented, about half filled with Chinese ladies from the very best families in Soochow, elegantly gowned in silks and satins and velvets, pearls, diamonds, jewels of all kinds worn in profusion. Their tiny feet encased in beautifully embroidered shoes and their faces painted with liquid whitening, cheeks and lips painted brilliant pink, then a spot of crimson right in the middle of the lower lip. The palms

of the hands are also painted, and that afternoon I saw for the first time the silver fingernail protectors. You know the fingernails of the left hand are allowed to grow very long and are then protected by silver or gold shields. As I entered the room I was received with quite an ovation. Mrs. Zee and her daughter and daughters-in-law (two), Mrs. Wang and Mrs. Tsang, all rushed to me, took my hands, and asked how I was.

Mrs. Tsang is said to be the most intellectual and literary woman in Soochow. This family are very progressive people. Mr. Tsang is not a Christian, nor is she, but they both favor foreign things. He wants to build a church and preach in it himself, and can not understand why he can't be allowed to do so. They have no children, so have adopted a little girl, who is now about two years old. The amah brought the child in and they all made a great "to-do" over it. Now, if you could have seen that child you would have laughed, I am sure. It is hard to describe the costume, but I will do my best. First, it had on the trousers which all Chinese, regardless of sex or age, wear; these are cut a little different for children; they are not trousers exactly, at least not according to our idea. These are folded and bound tightly around the ankle with a ribbon, and are quite baggy from there up to the waist; in winter they are heavily padded. Over this garment this small girl wore a white China silk dress, cut foreign style, but after a pattern one rarely sees at home except in places remote from the centers of fashion. On the youngster's

head was a hat the like of which was never seen before. It was made of a grayish green silk over a pasteboard foundation, shaped like a sailor hat and trimmed in cotton flowers of all colors. Right in the front, in the midst of the flowers, was put an elegant pearl—a Chinese woman's hair ornament. If you could have seen those Chinese women making a fuss over that specimen and the proud expression on the face of the adopted mother! She was so pleased, for she was sure her child was dressed like a foreign lady. The jewelry these women wore was worth fortunes; they wear many pearls and much jade, rings, earrings, bracelets, and hair ornaments, or rather "head-dresses."

One lady especially impressed me. She was dressed handsomely in pink silk trimmed in black, and her jewels were rare and numerous. I was told her history. She was the daughter of wealthy parents and married a man of wealth. After her marriage the wealth of her own family was lost and her mother is now an amah or serving woman. This girl lives in luxury—from a Chinese standpoint—dresses elegantly, fares sumptuously, but is not allowed to help her own poor mother at all.

After a few moments spent in sociability, some of the lady missionaries made a talk to them about the "Laura Haygood Memorial School" for the education of the high-class Chinese girls. Mr. Tsang and Mr. Lee each made a speech about it, saying the women of China should be educated so they could be the companions of their husbands. The afternoon was very interesting to me. Oh,

if I could only talk to these poor Chinese ladies — they are so cordial to me and insist that I come to see them, but I am so helpless when I go, for I have not learned the “polite language,” and it is very difficult to learn, for it is not in books. After the exercises were over my friend, “Zee ta ta,” old Mrs. Zee (she really is not old, not yet fifty), went home with one of the ladies, telling her she had some important business to talk to her about. When she arrived at the home of the missionary she said, “I want to betroth my five-year-old son to your four-year-old daughter; if you will agree to this we will send our boy to Soochow College to be educated, and when he graduates he can live at your home and learn foreign ways, and then when they are old enough they can be married.” Then another proposition was to betroth her two-year-old girl to the five-months’ old baby boy of another of our missionaries. She said she did not want to bind her baby’s feet, but if she did not no Chinese gentleman would marry her, for her feet would be big, and it is almost a crime for a Chinese girl not to marry — so the only thing to do was to betroth her little girl to a foreign boy. There was great difficulty in making her comprehend that foreigners and Christians did not betroth their children. She was real hurt over it, for she is so in favor of foreign ways and Western customs that she wants to adopt them whenever possible. I thought it quite pathetic that she did not want to bind her baby’s feet, and could think of no other way out of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE ON BIMONTHLY TRIP TO SUNG KONG.

Monday I was busy all morning getting ready for our bimonthly trip to Sung Kong and Huchow, for we were to start that evening. We went down to our boat at three o'clock and then out to the Customs, expecting to get started on our trip not later than four, but it was quite dark when we finally "pulled out." There are always many things of interest at the Customs to engage one's attention. When we arrived all was quiet and serene, only an occasional slow Chinese boat moving along in its lazy way, but in a little while we looked up the broad canal which runs outside the city wall and saw a small launch steaming toward us, with one boat tied on behind. Soon it came up to the jetty at the Customs station, with its bow against the wharf; by this time we could see the smoke from several others in the distance, some larger, some smaller. They came up one at a time and pulled into place as close to the last arrival as possible. Some of the launches had six or seven boats tied onto them. At last there were six launches in a row; then you should have heard the noise and seen the confusion. A crowded railroad station could not surpass the noise, for Chinese are very loud talkers. Here we have the

noise and confusion of departure without the hurry, for Chinese never hurry.

.

The boat or barge which is usually tied on behind the launch is a long, low boat, and has inside rooms or cabins which can accommodate as many as seven people. Now, do not think these are large, pleasant rooms, for they are very small and far from comfortable. The beds are mere "shelves," on which each person spreads his own bedding, which he brings with him. On the roof are many Chinamen; these are allowed as much room as their bedding will cover, and they are put up there as thick as they can be crowded. There is an awning stretched over this about four feet above the roof. For this accommodation twenty-five cents (Mexican) for a night is paid, extra charges being made for food. While waiting we happened to be opposite one of these barges, so we watched them at their supper. The Chinese, you know, eat rice for every meal; of course, other things too, but rice always. We saw a group of four or five sitting "tailor-fashion," with two or three bowls of "tsay" and meat, then a large bowl of rice. In each man's left hand was held a bowl of rice, and in his right hand were his chopsticks. He puts his rice-bowl to his lips and shoves the rice in with his chopsticks as hard and as fast as he can. They eat very rapidly—the one time a Chinaman hurries is when he eats. In a very few minutes these men had finished their evening meal. Then a man came around with a bucket and collected the empty bowls.

After him came another man with a bucketful of hot tea and small bowls. He would cry out in Chinese: "Do you want a drink of tea? Then hurry up!" The bowls were filled rapidly and passed up to the people, who gulped down the bowl of scalding hot tea, which was also very strong. Perhaps you think I have not been very choice in my language, such as "stuff," "feed," and "gulp," etc., but these are the only words that will begin to describe it, and they fall far short of properly expressing it. These of whom I am writing are, of course, the lowest class of Chinese.

I am glad to say I have never traveled in one of these boats, but some of the missionaries do. One can get a small room, five by six, with two "shelves" or bunks, and go to Shanghai much cheaper than by hiring a boat, as we do. Perhaps some day I will have to resort to this mode of travel, for I have had to accustom myself to many things peculiar to China. Behind this barge are tied on, one after another, the boats which are to be towed; in one of these we are to be found. There are four launch lines running between Shanghai and Soochow, one to Hongchow, another to Huchow.

.
We were going to Huchow. We did not leave the Customs till dark. Soon after we got started our cook came in and lighted the lamp, then proceeded to prepare dinner on our little oil stove, which was in the front division of the boat. In a little while he arranged the table, and then with such a "pleased-with-himself smile" he

served us first soup, following this, pheasant and several vegetables, then pie, and afterward fruit. Think of such an elaborate meal on a "slow boat." He took great delight in continuing to give us such meals during our trip. We had an accident happen to the launch in the night, which delayed us several hours, but at half past ten o'clock Tuesday morning we arrived at Huchow. The missionaries here always give us a cordial welcome. Doctor Trawick was busy at the dispensary all day. We left on Wednesday, at eleven o'clock. We cut loose from the launch in the night, and the boatmen rowed us into Sung Kong in time for breakfast.

Huchow is twenty-five miles from Sung Kong. Here we were the guests of former Kentuckians, from whom we always receive a genuine Kentucky welcome. A large clinic engaged the Doctor all day; in the meantime I had a delightful stay with these kind friends. We had to leave early that evening, for Sung Kong is near enough to the sea for the tide to affect the water in the canals, so we must leave while the tide is high. We had some experiences that night of which I must tell you. We came to a narrow part of the canal, where a boat was tied up on each side; we had to pass between them. These Chinese beat all the people in the world for squeezing boats through narrow passages.

You would think a boat seven feet wide could not go through a six-foot space, but a Chinaman will attempt it without the slightest hesitation, and never be convinced that he can't till his boat is "stuck." Now, the strange

thing about it is that nine times out of ten he will succeed in his attempt to get through. Well, our boatman proceeded to squeeze between those two boats. They use these long bamboo poles with hooks in the end, and fasten their hooks to anything that is stationary, and then pull. In pulling that night they banged up against the window where I was writing and broke the glass to atoms. The boatman hardly knew it, though, for while they were working so hard they were yelling at each other in such a manner and tone that one might think there would soon be bloodshed. This talk, however, is perfectly harmless; it is merely a friendly conversation. I managed to keep on with my writing until another window was broken, and the glass fell around me, which gave me such a shock that I put up my letter. Doctor Trawick was out front "bossing the job"; he called to me to bring the lamp, for our bottles of drinking-water were rolling over the floor, and altogether we were being considerably shaken and bumped. Finally we got through, and went happily on our way. I will explain about the bottles of water. We boil, filter, and bottle all of our drinking-water in China; it is the only healthy way to do. But to continue, about eleven o'clock that night we were awakened by an awful bump, followed by a lot of loud talking. There was no mistake this time; there was intense anger in their voices. It seems that in the darkness our boatmen had run into a fisherman's boat, which was tied up for the night. I have written you in a former letter of the people who live all the time in these little boats;

how fifty or more will be tied up along the bank of the canal, forming quite a colony. These people living in this way are the poorest and lowest type of humanity found in these parts.

Well, such a disturbance as we had stirred up—the talking and yelling were awful. I could tell that the language was such that I was glad I did not understand much Chinese. Our boatmen quarreled back; finally the fisherman said he would go to the official on the gunboat a few yards away and have the question settled. Our cook was scared almost out of his wits. We could not get away from them; they made us tie up beside the gunboat, but they could not arouse any one on the boat. Then he commenced to call for his friends to come to his assistance; things were beginning to look serious. Here we were, two lone foreigners miles and miles away from our friends, surrounded by a low class of Chinese. Finally Doctor Trawick asked how much it would take to cover the damage done his boat. The reply came promptly—“thirty cents.” He thought he had struck high. You should have seen how quickly the damages were paid and we departed in peace. Strange to say, I was not one bit frightened; perhaps I do not realize the seriousness of these things, but I never get excited or uneasy under such circumstances. When we had gone only about a hundred yards or so we came to a place where a small stone bridge had caved in; we tried to pass between the stones, and ran onto one and stuck fast. Then after pulling and tugging for

fifteen minutes to get off a rock that it had taken us just five seconds to get on, we went on our way once more, reaching Shanghai at half past nine Thursday morning. There was much shopping to be done here, for in Soochow there is nothing made for foreigners, the storekeepers catering entirely to the Chinese, as there are about a quarter of a million of them, and less than fifty foreigners. We went to a shop where all kinds of willow furniture is made; one can almost furnish a house with it, being so cheap and pretty; we got a beautiful willow couch and table for \$3.25 in gold. Our little reception room is cozy and beautiful, supplied almost entirely with this light, pretty furniture. We purchased two such exquisite Tien Sien rugs. You have seen these in Louisville often, but possibly you did not know they were made in China. We spent only one day in Shanghai, for we were anxious to get home to see a friend before his departure for America.

CHAPTER XXXV

MILK FROM WATER BUFFALO—MAKING BUTTER—DRILLING OF SOLDIERS.

You will be surprised, perhaps, to know that there are no cows in this part of China. We get our milk from the "water buffalo," and find it and the cream both very rich. The cream is not yellow, nor is the butter, but very rich and delightful in flavor. We use whipped cream a great deal in cold weather, but if we try to whip it in summer we soon have butter. We can not go to the grocery as we do in America and buy fresh butter, for there is no grocery and the Chinese do not use butter, so do not at all understand the process of butter-making. Here in Soochow we buy butter in cans or tins as you buy tomatoes or corn in Kentucky, and it sells at seventy-five cents a pound. Foreigners in Soochow must send to Shanghai for most of their marketing; this is only seventy-five miles away, and there are two launch lines running every day between these two cities. Here we have fruit all the year, and it is used much at "tiffin." There are several Chinese fruits which I have never seen in the United States, and we have learned to eat and enjoy them. The Chinese food is entirely different from ours, but we like it and often have a Chinese tiffin and use the chop-sticks, for, really, Chinese food does not taste right when eaten with a fork. Then instead of

plates we use bowls. These are small, and first we fill them with rice cooked very dry; on top of this we put meat, eggs, tsay—fish—now it is ready for us to eat. The faster one eats at a Chinese meal and the more noise one makes, the more correct one is. It is wonderful how dexterous the Chinaman is with his chop-sticks. The dishes are never passed to the guests, but everybody reaches over to the center of the table, where the food is placed, and helps himself.

.

We had a delightful walk a few days ago over to the Customs, where we saw some soldiers drilling. My! such drilling! There were two men each carrying an immense red flag with white Chinese characters on it. The drum was about the size and shape of a flour-barrel; it took two men to carry it. The "drummer-boy" beat on this regularly about five seconds apart, and the soldiers were supposed to keep step with these beats—but they failed utterly to do it—and just marched slowly and stiffly across the drill grounds, without keeping time to anything.

Since our arrival in China I have seen no one from my old Kentucky home until last week, when we had a visit from Mr. J. and Mr. S., who are making a tour around the world. Doctor Trawick took them out to see the sights to be seen only in an Oriental village. They called at the palace of the governor of this province, and knowing the soldiers were drilling not far away they thought they would go over and see them. Their

sedan chairs were put down on the edge of the drill-grounds, and of course the Chinese at once crowded around, much more interested in seeing the foreigners than in watching the soldiers. Doctor Trawick saw that the officers in charge were "petty officers" and would possibly be easily persuaded to give them a little "show," so asked a guard to call the drill-master, and to his surprise he at once did so. As the officer came up to "regulation distance" the Doctor came to "attention," and he immediately saluted in true military style, the Doctor returning the salute; then the officer "approached" and began speaking, repeating his salutations. He was complimented on his "excellent drilling" and his "fine-looking soldiers," to which he replied that these were the worst he had. Then he was asked if he would not continue the drill for a few moments. He replied that they had already drilled for three hours, but would be glad to go through with a few simple (?) movements for the benefit of the foreign gentlemen. The Doctor thanked him and returned the salute—that is a dismissal, you know—he "about-turned" in true soldier style, walked in a most stately manner out to his command and called "Troop to attention!" They saw by the formation that what is called "March past for review" was being executed. The Chinese—many of them—have adopted the German tactics. The three foreign gentlemen were amazed, but felt they must "do the military thing," so got ready for it by moving forward a few paces on the drill-ground and took their stand at

“attention.” The soldiers filed up, formed, and marched past with as much dignity and gravity as though they had been passing the commanding general himself. As the different sections of troops filed past, the gentlemen saluted each troop in order, then watched them go down, wheel, and form in solid straight line. Then the drill-master stepped out in front of the line, saluted, and the three gentlemen returned the salute; then they moved up nearer and saluted again, then the three complimented the officer profusely on his excellent troop, saluted, and came away. The drilling was really horrible, and the soldiers were a mockery, but it was funny to see how gravely they marched past, and best of all to see those three foreign gentlemen saluting so military-like when it was so ridiculous to them. Don't you know it was a ludicrous experience for them to stand there on that Chinese drill-ground solemnly saluting those Chinese soldiers as though they were the governor and his staff? The Chinese are great for doing things for show or display.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FEAST AT HOME OF CHINESE FRIEND—ON WHANG-POO RIVER—BRIDE AND GROOM

While Doctor Trawick was at the hospital, engaged in one of the biggest operations that he has had, a friend came to ask me if I would go with her to a Chinese feast at the home of one of her Chinese friends. We arrived at the place at half past one, were invited in through many different rooms, and finally reached a small reception room. The "ta-ta" (old lady) was the hostess, whom I have met before. The daughter-in-law, the bride of two years ago, was present. This was my first real personal contact with the "abused daughter-in-law." As I have said before, when a Chinese girl marries she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law, and is treated cruelly sometimes. This poor girl was completely ignored at this feast—was treated with no more consideration than a servant. While we sat at the table and drank our tea and ate sweets—our amahs at another table indulging in the same—she sat off alone against the wall and looked on, but was never invited to join in the festivities or pleasures of the hour. I heard that the family were all disappointed in her—say she is too large, too fleshy—so they treat her very ugly. As we sat there, Mrs. Ng was ushered into our presence; she lives in another part of this same house and was invited to meet us, as she had never met

any foreigners. But she was very polite, and did not stare nor act queer, as some do the first time they see a foreign lady. This Mrs. Ng is not the wife of Doctor Trawick's teacher, nor is she related, though she has the same name. There are very few Chinese names; there are about a dozen that we meet with constantly. It does not argue that people are related because they bear the same name. Zee, Wang, Tsang, Chang, Tseur, Ng, Per, Lee, these eight are constantly being heard. But I have digressed. After about an hour spent at that table eating watermelon seed and Chinese sweets and drinking tea, we were taken into another room, where the feast was spread. I have learned to just taste each thing, at a time like this, instead of really eating something at each course, as I would do at home. After finishing the meal Mrs. Ng invited us into her apartment; her bed room was the most attractive I have seen in a Chinese home, clean and neat, the walls papered, a large mirror, the bed elaborately carved. Here we were again offered tea and sweets. A Chinese lady came to pay her New Year's call, and I was interested in their true "New Year's greeting." These two ladies knelt side by side, touched their heads to the floor, then arose and turned to us, when we were introduced to the new arrival. After this we were invited upstairs to see the sick daughter of the "ta-ta," our hostess. She has been ill for several months, and is now able to be up and walk about the house, but with the powder and paint which she used profusely we could not see any ill effects of the

long sickness. Finally we left, and got home at six o'clock.

.

A call came for Doctor Trawick to come to an interior town. We were off from our landing at four o'clock, on a larger boat than we have ever had before, hence were more comfortable. The boats are all on the same plan, but of different sizes. Several days before we left Soochow our old Bible woman, who was there for a while, wanted to go to the same place for which we were bound, so asked to accompany us. We told her the only place for her was the little front entrance where the stove was; there is a narrow seat running the entire length on one side of this room, on which she was very glad to sleep, so she came. Just as we were ready to leave, a young Bible woman asked if she might come also; said she could sleep with the old lady if we did not object. So when we left Soochow we had in our little boat five boatmen, our cook, two Bible women, and ourselves. You understand we hire the boat, so it costs our self-invited guests nothing if we allow them to occupy a part of it, hence we never lack for company on our trips. We went this time straight to Shanghai, reaching there at ten o'clock Wednesday morning. We left at five o'clock, going up the Whang-poo River; this being our first trip up this river, we enjoyed it very much. We saw great boats of all nations, and you can imagine our delight when we saw the dear old Stars and Stripes floating from one, which we found on closer inspection to be the "Monterey." We stood out



ON SOOCHOW CREEK, CHINA.

front watching the interesting sights to be seen only on this Chinese river, near the mouth of which is situated one of the largest ports of the country. We saw queer old Chinese sail-boats, with wooden eyes in front so the boat "can see where it is going." Soon it grew dark, and I was so chilled that I went inside, where the oil stove was lighted and making the room comfortable, but it was not so for me. This penetrating, damp cold almost freezes my blood; I never felt the cold so before in my life. That night our boat cut loose from the launch about three o'clock, because the steam launch goes up the river and we came "across country." I can never describe the disturbances of an all-night boat trip; the noise of the boatmen, the rocking of the boat, the stopping to tie up to the bank while the boatmen have a "little smoke," the bumping into other boats whose sleepy occupants are aroused and come to quarrel it out. Oh, dear, we think traveling all night by slow boat anything but joy, but lots of people like it. We reached our destination at seven o'clock Thursday morning.

I must tell you about a Chinese doctor and his bride, whom we met here. They are both Christians, so wanted a Christian wedding. It is the Chinese custom for the bride to come to the groom's home to be married. She arrived in Sung Kong on Tuesday, and Mrs. Reed invited her to come right to her home and stay until the wedding, which was to be on Wednesday afternoon at her house, Mr. Reed performing the ceremony. This little couple had not been betrothed in

childhood, but he had selected her himself two years ago. Contrary to Chinese custom they had corresponded all these two years, although they had never met, but they had *seen* each other in church often. Well, when the time came for the marriage she came downstairs with Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Lee, the wife of the Chinese preacher. She was to meet the groom in the hall and walk in with him, but she clung to Mrs. Lee's hand so she could not get away. Finally, however, they were standing side by side in front of the preacher. When the time came for the ring she refused for a while to have it placed on her finger, but after much encouragement she put up her little hand and allowed it to be put on. The ring is of gold, with a Chinese character on it which he told me meant "love." After a wedding supper they went to their own little home, which with great delight he had been fixing up for her for some time. They came up together to see us--this the heathen Chinese never do. She is a dainty, attractive little thing, and was dressed in light blue silk. She is an educated Christian girl, and we are all pleased with the match. They live very near the Reeds, and they asked us to go with them to see their home, which we did; it is a very attractive little place for a Chinese house, is furnished in Chinese style, but has some foreign chairs in it. They seem to be very much in love; he is as happy as a lark--smiles all the time. It is truly a love match, and they seem to want to do away with the old custom of inequality between the two, and of course we are all much interested in them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CHINESE NEW YEAR—TRIP TO THE “HILLS”

Chinese New Year still continues, and we are being extensively entertained. Yesterday was a glorious day, and we were invited to a Chinese tiffin at the home of our native preacher. This was not a feast, but a simple tiffin, and was delicious; in fact, this family always have delightful meals—the very best of Chinese food and cookery. It is the custom on New Year's Eve for the Chinese to have a feast and invite their friends, just as we do at home on New Year's Day.

A new building, consisting of six rooms, has just been added to our hospital, so the doctors concluded to have a “house warming” and serve a Chinese dinner or “feast.” All the foreigners in “Tien Sz Tsong” (which is the name of our settlement) and the Chinese families were invited. The fuel that the Chinese use is straw, so a large room is always built in the annex for this fuel, and in this room the feast was spread. There were four Chinese tables and about twenty guests. All of the Chinese who were present are Christians, so the gentlemen and ladies dined together, something one never sees among the heathen.

To-day our amah (house-woman) has invited us to have Chinese tiffin with her. That is the way the invitation is given, but she will not eat with us. She only

gives the dinner in our honor, and will serve it in our dining room, using our Chinese dishes and chop-sticks, of which we have a set. The highest compliment paid a guest in China is for the hostess to prepare the meal herself, so our amah will do this to-day. There are other friends invited to join us.

You would be surprised to see how much Chinese I "pick up" from my amah, and she is very proud of the fact that I can understand anything she says. One day two of the Chinese young ladies from the woman's hospital came over to call. They understand English but will not speak it, so I talked to them in my native tongue and they replied in Chinese. Once I could not quite understand what they said, and the amah, who always stands by when I have any Chinese visitors, repeated it to me and then I comprehended. She explained to them with great pride: "I all the time talk to Dih Sz-Moo (my name in Chinese), so she understands me."

To-morrow we are invited to dine at the house of my Chinese teacher. She is a refined, intelligent young woman, and I am very fond of her, but we are actually afraid that the pheasant and duck which were sent us by one of Doctor Trawick's patients will spoil before we can use them, our invitations to dinner and tiffin continue to pour in at such a rate.

.
Monday we went with some friends who live at the Customs to spend the day on the "hills." Soochow is almost surrounded by hills and mountains, and it is a

great pleasure to get away from home and spend a day on the mountain-top. On the morning of our outing the amah poked her head in at my room door and said: "The weather is big good—you have luck." We were soon started on our walk to the boat, amah going on ahead with our steamer rugs and foot-stove. Steamer rugs are very essential in China, for traveling is done almost entirely by boat, this country being so threaded with canals. We reached the Customs at a quarter to ten and were soon transferred, "bag and baggage," to the boat of our friends. Our lady friend and I were each tucked into a comfortable willow chair, with our golf capes around us, our steamer rugs over us, and our feet on our hot foot-stoves; then our husbands bade us good-bye, for they preferred walking. Our destination was a mountain on which there was a pagoda; this mountain is plainly visible from our home on clear days, though it is some five miles distant. Our little boat wound around through canals, under stone bridges, through quiet villages, and finally, after two hours, we came to our stopping-place, where our husbands had been waiting for us for nearly an hour. That will give you some idea of the rapidity with which these boats move. We were soon walking up this "big hill," passing on either side many grave-mounds, for the Chinese seem to prefer the hillside for burying their dead. We walked slowly, making frequent stops to enjoy the extensive view, for we had a range of vision spreading out before us for some thirty miles. Still we were not away from the

Chinese, for at the very top there were some poor heathen come to worship the "Boosah" in the pagoda. The smoke from the incense was pouring out so thick we could not enter. From here we could count eight large pagodas in the distance, which we could see without field-glasses. After some time spent enjoying the view and breathing the pure air we wended our way back, gathering moss and tiny wild flowers, which were peeping up out of the cold ground. At our boat we enjoyed a most delicious lunch, and we reached home in time for six o'clock dinner, happy from our day in the "woods."

.

We were invited to spend the evening at Dr. C's. This is outside the city wall, and quite a crowd from our neighborhood went with us. To say that some of us went in a victoria sounds very grand, but you should see one of these carriages! As we drove along at a rapid pace, drawn by a poor beast that would scarcely be called a horse in old Kentucky, all of a sudden we had a queer "let-down" sort of a feeling, and as we still tore along—the horse (?) having gained such a momentum that it was a few seconds before he could be stopped—we saw one of the wheels of our carriage lying in the road behind us. Amid much laughter on our part, and equally as much unintelligible jabbering from our "coachman" and "footman," we descended from our *victoria* and stepped into another equally as elegant (?), which happened along just in time, and went on our way without further accident. Of course you understand that horses and carriages are

only found on the outside of the wall of Soochow, for inside the wall the streets are too narrow for a carriage to be driven through them. We reached Dr. C.'s at six o'clock, the appointed hour, and found the house prettily decorated with flowers and ferns. An immense American flag served as a portière. Supper was served at small tables in the hall and we had a real jolly evening, reaching home about eleven o'clock.

.

We certainly do have novel and sometimes amusing experiences in China. I must tell you of one which came to us recently. Doctor and I were out for a walk, and I wore a small hat around the crown of which I had twisted a red scarf. We are usually followed by a crowd when we appear on the street together, but this time we noticed that we were avoided, the small boys hastening in an opposite direction from the one in which we were going instead of crowding around us and staring at us as is generally the case. Finally we heard some one say, as he ran from us, "The red hat! the red hat!" and then we realized that my hat, with its red scarf, was the badge of smallpox. I think I shall continue to wear it, and thus be rid of the rabble which has proved so annoying heretofore.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

QUEER MODE AND EXPERIENCES IN TRAVELING—HOUSE- BOAT — WHEELBARROW — CARRIAGE

On our last trip to Sung Kong we had some novel experiences, which I must tell you about. The trip around this village through the narrow, crowded canal I have described to you many times so I will not repeat, although it never ceases to be interesting. By the time we had gotten away from the city a strong head wind came up, and when we were a few miles out we had to tie up to the bank, for a perfect gale was blowing. The wind was so high that it would at times shake the rattling windows with a spiteful jerk; the black clouds were piled high in the north; the wind blew in lumps and balls—irregularly—now steady and strong, now almost no wind, then a sudden blow almost hard enough to take you off your feet, then as suddenly a stop, with almost no wind at all. Our boatmen could not manage the boat against such force, so we had to let them “tie up.” With three ropes thrown out—one from the front of the boat, one from the middle, and one from behind—we were tied firmly to trees or rocks on the bank, and as the wind increased, first one end of the boat and then the other would tug at the ropes, and such cracking and groaning as did go on in that old boat’s “ribs!” There was no danger, the only trouble was that we simply could not move against that gale. We

waited, and continued to wait till three o'clock in the afternoon, then we concluded to walk back to the village and see our friends again. This took us just a half hour; it had taken one hour and a half to go by boat — so you see walking is the most rapid traveling in China. Our friends were expecting us, for they knew we could not move against such a wind. After supper we went back to our boat, hoping to be able to “pull out” some time during the night, but it was six o'clock the next morning before we started again on our journey. We still had a strong head wind, but no gale. We moved along slowly till half past three o'clock, and had only gone eleven miles. Think of it! traveling nine and a half hours, we were still fourteen miles from Shanghai. We concluded if we remained in that boat we would not get to our destination till Sunday, so on reaching a little village we got off, with our baggage, which consisted of a large kori, a suit-case, two hand-bags, a typewriter, two sofa pillows, two steamer rugs, and two umbrellas. The native preacher was with us, so his baggage, too, had to be taken along. We engaged three wheelbarrows, and our procession was formed. First came the Chinese preacher — he sat on one side and his baggage on the other; next came my wheelbarrow — I had on a golf skirt, black coat, golf cap, and was well wrapped in my steamer rug and seated on one of the sofa pillows; on the other side of my wheelbarrow was my kori and hand-satchel to balance me — see? Bringing up the rear was a third wheelbarrow on which was seated, in an easy, negli-

gee way, my dignified husband, with his baggage. We had before us a ride of eight miles through the country. No one can appreciate the difficulties of that ride unless they have seen the country and the wheelbarrows; then you must add to that a real desire to get "somewhere" before night, and a feeling of desperation in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. When we had gone about half the distance I got so cold, facing that north wind, that we got off and walked just about as fast as we had ridden—this was quite a relief; afterward we got back onto our wheelbarrows and continued our journey. Finally we came to another small village, six miles from Shanghai; there we hired a carriage. Our baggage was piled in and we climbed in after it and sat wherever we could. Then we found we had a balky horse—that was the climax. It seemed we were destined never to get to Shanghai, for every "little bit" the old horse would stop and our coachman and footman would get down and pull and persuade, and finally he would start off again. Darkness came on, so we stopped to buy some candles to put into the carriage lamps; it took some time to do this, so our horse had gotten accustomed to standing still and it took much persuasion to induce him to move. He was like David Harum's horse—"he would stand without hitching." We had gotten well started again when the bottom fell out of our lamps, spilling our candles and leaving us again in darkness. Once more we stopped while our driver replaced and relighted our candles, and we came on without further misfortune, reaching the home of one of our friends,

where they had been looking for us for twenty-four hours. We had left Sung Kong at nine o'clock Friday morning, reaching Shanghai at seven o'clock Saturday evening, a distance of twenty-five miles, and had traveled in three different kinds of vehicles. We were weary and worn; these things are racy and rare, but it don't take many of them to do. Home mail awaited us, so we sat up late, reading letters from our dear ones in Kentucky and Tennessee.

.

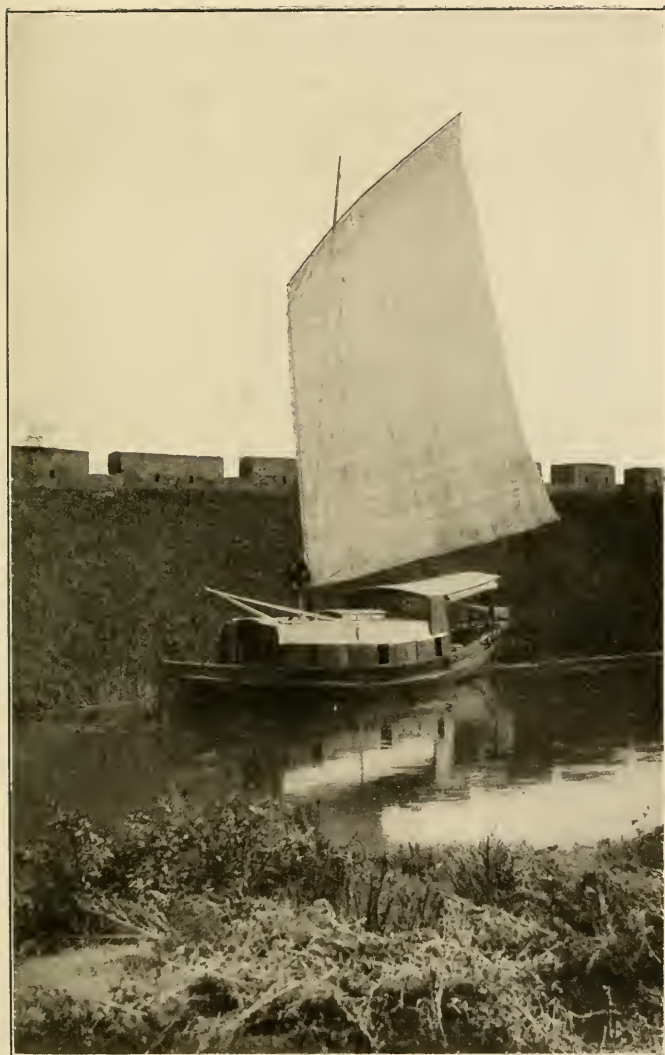
I do not remember to have told you how these house-boats are towed. A small rope is tied to a bamboo pole, which is put into a hole in the front of the boat. The rope is then tied around the waists of two men, in their own peculiar way, and they walk on the shore about one hundred feet in front of the boat and pull it along. This bamboo pole will bend until the ends are at right angles, or rather till the pole forms a semi-circle. When there is no tow-path nor wind, so that they can neither "tow" nor sail, then they row—the oars are at the stern of the boat.

Along the shores of the canal we see many grave mounds. Some one has said "In China we are never out of sight of the living or the graves of the dead," for they have no place set apart for a cemetery. In our visits to the heathen temples we see coffins on all sides. We soon lose that awe which we feel at home in the presence of the dead, for coffins are seen in the houses, in the streets, in the fields, everywhere.

CHAPTER XXXIX

FUNERAL PROCESSION — WEDDING PROCESSION — PUNISHMENT FOR PETTY CRIMES

I saw a very plain funeral procession while in Shanghai. I heard a great noise in the street, so ran to my window and saw some men blowing bagpipes, some one else beating loudly on a gong, and then came a man carrying "ghost money." This is paper, covered with tinfoil to look like money; this "ghost money" is always burned at the grave. Next came the "coolies" carrying the coffin. A bamboo pole rests on the shoulders of two men, and the coffin is swung from this pole by two ropes forming loops, one at the head and one at the foot, and as they walk they have a kind of song, "Hay ho, hay ho!" with each step. Everything, even a piano, is carried in this way. A Chinaman can never carry anything without this song in some form, and the bigger the load the louder the song. One would think they would exhaust their strength with the effort to send forth this peculiar, loud noise. But to continue. These coolies were carrying this corpse and singing away as merrily and loudly as they could. Having walked some distance and gotten warm from their exercise, they had removed their coats and piled them on top of the coffin, as this was most convenient. Following the corpse were several jinrickshaws with people in them. These people were all dressed in white, with white shoes



MEDICAL HOUSEBOAT AND CITY WALL OF SOOCHOW.

and a piece of unbleached cotton pinned around the forehead and hanging down the back in streamers. The funeral of a wealthy man has much more pomp and show.

The Chinese are great on announcing the approach of any procession by the sounding of gongs. I saw a wedding procession one day that was heralded by the beating of drums and sounding of gongs; then came men dressed in red, carrying red banners. It looked like a political parade. After this came an official on horseback, followed by coolies carrying two empty sedan chairs, then came a green chair with deep red borders and red curtains. Red is the bridal color and green the official color; only very high officials are allowed a "green chair." This parade was going down to the canal, where there was a boat on which the expectant bride was awaiting the coming of the groom. A Chinese bride always comes to the home of the groom to be married, and this poor girl had just arrived at Soochow from some village. Later we went down to see the "bridal boats." There were three immense boats, very handsome and elaborately decorated in red flags.

The fourth son of the Governor had on that day taken unto himself a wife, and this was their wedding procession. A Chinese bride is often a most miserable girl; she goes from her home to another where she is unknown, even to the groom, for a Chinese gentleman never courts the girl, nor does he choose her for himself; the arrangements are all made by a third person. As soon as she is a daughter-in-law she is the slave of her husband's mother

until she has a son of her own, then she has a little more respect paid her. If she is so unfortunate as never to be the mother of a son, she is considered a useless burden. There was a little wife here who was treated miserably by her mother-in-law; one of our missionaries was sympathizing with her, and during the conversation said to her, "When you are a mother-in-law you will be kind and lovely to your daughter-in-law, and in this way teach your mother-in-law a lesson in kindness, won't you?" She promptly replied: "Indeed, I mean to get even, and will treat her even worse than I am treated now." What is to be done for these abused Chinese women? Sometimes a wealthy man will have as many as ten wives; the richer he is the more wives he seems to have, and of course there is jealousy and strife between them. Think of 400,000,000 people living in such depravity. Surely they need Christianity.

Another day I saw a Chinese policeman walking down the street with a nicely but plainly dressed woman. She had her head through a large board, which fit closely about the neck, and she carried a fan which she used to protect her eyes from the sun. When she reached a tree she stopped, and soon a crowd gathered around her and stared at and talked to her. I afterward learned she was a criminal and was sent out by the authorities to walk the streets as a warning to others. She seemed very cheerful and not at all mortified at the situation. This is a very common mode of punishment for petty crimes.

CHAPTER XL

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS

I am sitting here feeling the quietness of this beautiful Sunday morning. The clock is briskly ticking away; the little flame is rustling in the stove; I hear the saucy chirp of a sparrow just outside my window; the sun is shining merrily, and the dear, sweet violets are almost singing loud enough for me to hear them in the peaceful stillness that fills the air, the rooms, and our own happy hearts. I am not going to church this morning, for the services will be in Chinese, and it is difficult for me to understand to profit, so I am going to tell you of a recent walk, and other examples of Chinese superstition similar to those in a former letter, though different. As we went down the slippery stone street, up over the irregular steps of a bridge and down again, we met a strange procession. A sedan chair draped in deep, dark blue, preceded by two boys dressed in the same shade of blue, bearing lanterns painted partly black, on which were large blue Chinese characters. In the chair was seated a handsomely dressed lady, rather young and of delicate features. In her lap she had a basket with some articles of clothing—a man's Chinese hat, and some trinkets. The face of this lady was peculiarly interesting—refined, delicate, and olive-complexioned, but with deep lines of anxiety or sorrow clearly marked there. We afterward learned that this woman

was out to seek for the spirit of some one who was sick in her house. She had taken this hat and some clothing, a piece or two of finger-nail, a few strands of hair, placed them in this tray or basket, and was on her way with her lighted lanterns to the place where the person was supposed to have contracted the disease, for it was at that place the man's spirit had been stolen from him, and there it must be sought. Arriving at the place the woman takes her lantern and searches all about for any live thing—a cricket, a worm, a bug, anything with life will answer the purpose. It is believed that the devil has stolen the spirit of the sick one and put it into some live thing. This insect is put very carefully on the article of clothing brought from the sick one, covered with the hat, and the woman returns to her home. Then the most pathetic part of the ceremony is gone through with—this is the “calling for the spirit to return.” We have heard several of the Chinamen say that this calling is very weird and impressive—the long, wailing cry, calling the sick one's name, ending with a beseeching “*come back!*” that is really frightful. This belief in the power of some evil spirit to take away one's health is very wide-spread in China; that disease is some form of witchcraft, and that the main force of a disease is some evil spirit. We have a very interesting little package in our collection of curios; it is a small bunch of hairs with *one* guaranteed to be a “little, long, black devil.” The story is this: A man came into the dispensary very much excited, and showed the doctor, with quite an air of secrecy, this

package, and explained how he came by it. He had for some time been suffering from pains in his chest. They were peculiar—would “jump around,” dart through his body just like “little devils.” Nothing he could do would stop them until he consulted a Chinese doctor (?) in the village, who gave him a paste of lime, telling him to rub this over his chest and the devils would come out. The victim obeyed instructions, and sure enough that night after he had applied the paste he found long hairs lying on his chest—“the very little devils themselves”—caught as they were coming out through the skin. The mystery is easily explained when we remember the paste was to be applied at night, and it was an easy matter to rub a few hairs in with the “ointment.” A man suffering from chills and fever will get rid of his tormentor in a most stealthy way. He will take several hairs from his head, pieces of finger-nails, dead skin, etc., wrap them up carefully in red paper, and steal out at night and drop the package in the street. Next day some unsuspecting victim, with more curiosity than discretion, investigates this curious package, and the “devil” of the disease, transmitted by the remnants in the package, immediately passes from the old subject to the new, the one who has suffered so long presumably being freed from the disease.

So you see the foolish superstitions of these people, which can only be eradicated by the Gospel. Education does not do it, for the best educated and most intelligent have their superstitions handed down from their ancestors.

CHINA AND JAPAN

By

MRS. EMMA P. K. TRAWICK,
Soochow, China.

“To say that they are *fine* but faintly expresses their worth. What a writer she is!”

“I have read every word of the letters with great interest, especially the description of Japanese life and travel. Mrs. Trawick really possesses a rare gift of description, of which she is apparently unconscious.”

“They are so life-like, giving an inside view of the home life of these people in such a pleasant and beautiful way.”

“She has open eyes for all the strange sights of that far-off land, and the knack of expressing herself in a way that charms and fascinates her readers. Compared with ordinary letters of travel, her correspondence is like a dew-laden June rose alongside of an artificial flower.”

“Instead of telling about things which hundreds of others have written up, Mrs. Trawick describes a Chinese dinner, giving the various courses and telling how they were prepared and served. She tells of the costumes, the manners, the forms of polite society, and throws a charming light on the social side of the Chinese people. Not because she is a Louisville girl, but because she is a clever correspondent, I honestly believe she is the best letter-writer we have had abroad for many a long day.”

“Mrs. Trawick’s letters are out of the ordinary. They picture life in China as few have pictured it. The little feasts, the domestic career, the priests, the gardens, the boating, all the manners and customs of the country, and all written in a simple, natural style.”

“She has, in fact, given the most graphic account of life in the Orient, and so widely read and so praised have these letters been that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kendrick, are going to publish them in book form.”

“They are rich in information and description, and their charming conversational style renders them peculiarly attractive. Their preservation in book form can not fail to be a treat not only to her many friends but to the reading public as well. To those who can not see for themselves it is delightful to be served by the eyes of one who looks so closely and reports with such fidelity and grace.”

“These letters have been carefully edited and condensed, and will be presented in permanent form, to the delight of the many friends and admirers of this gifted Christian woman; and there are thousands who will find in the promised volume that which will mark it as one of the rarest and most valuable books of the kind that has been published in the last decade.”

“While they were coming out, I looked for them from week to week, and always read them first, before turning to anything else. They were written so gracefully, they told so naturally the experiences of a stranger in a strange land, they showed so vividly the impressions made upon a keen-eyed, thoughtful, young American woman, that I shall be glad to renew my satisfaction in reading them over from beginning to end in complete form.”

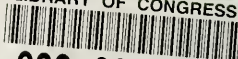
“Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Ex-Recording Secretary of General Federation of Women’s Clubs, recommends Mrs. Trawick’s (nee Emma Penton Kendrick) letters to Women’s Clubs, Travel Classes, and Missionary Societies for authentic descriptions of Chinese and Japanese life as existing to-day. Her letters are from the view point of an intelligent, observing, and discriminating American woman.”

Illustrated with numerous halftones and a likeness of the author.

JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

DEC 11 1902

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 028 320 898 9